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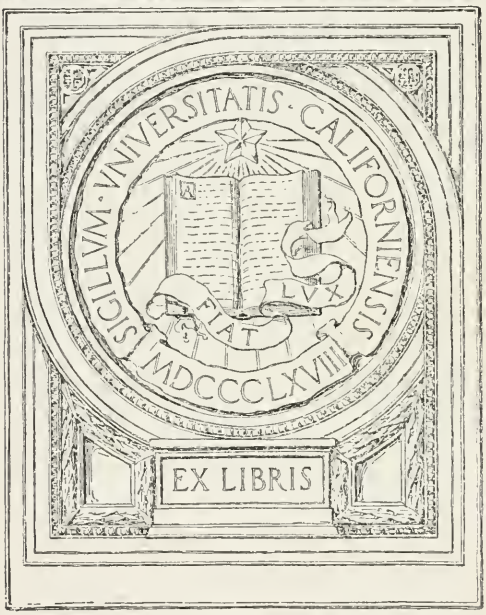

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE, WITH INDICES TO THEIR WORKS.

This series, to be completed in four uniform volumes, aims at presenting the significant facts of an historical or æsthetical nature connected with the great Schools of Italian Painting in such a way that the reader shall be brought immediately and vitally into contact with the great Masters of Italy and their works. At the same time, the Lists and Indices afford information as exact and inventories as critical and complete, as the science of the day will permit.

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THE FLORENTINE PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE

WITH AN INDEX TO THEIR WORKS

BY

BERNHARD BERENSON

AUTHOR OF "VENETIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE"
"LORENZO LOTTO: AN ESSAY IN CONSTRUCTIVE
ART CRITICISM," ETC.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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THE FLORENTINE PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE

I.

Florentine painting between Giotto and Michelangelo contains the names of such artists as Orcagna, Masaccio, Fra Filippo, Pollaiuolo, Verrocchio, Leonardo, and Botticelli. Put beside these the greatest names in Venetian art, the Vivarini, the Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, and Tintoret. The difference is striking. The significance of the Venetian names is exhausted with their significance as painters. Not so with the Florentines. Forget that they were painters, they remain great sculptors; forget that they were sculptors, and still they remain architects, poets, and even men of science. They left no form of expression untried, and to none could they say, "This will perfectly convey my

meaning." Painting, therefore, offers but a partial and not always the most adequate manifestation of their personality, and we feel the artist as greater than his work, and the man as soaring above the artist.

The immense superiority of the artist even to his greatest achievement in any one art form, means that his personality was but slightly determined by the particular art in question, that he tended to mould it rather than let it shape him. It would be absurd, therefore, to treat the Florentine painter as a mere link between two points in a necessary evolution. The history of the art of Florence never can be, as that of Venice, the study of a placid development. Each man of genius brought to bear upon his art a great intellect, which, never condescending merely to please, was tirelessly striving to reincarnate what it comprehended of life in forms that would fitly convey it to others; and in this endeavour each man of genius was necessarily compelled to create forms essentially his own. But because Florentine painting was preeminently an art formed by great personalities, it grappled with problems of the highest inter-

est, and offered solutions that can never lose their value. What they aimed at, and what they attained, is the subject of the following essay.

II.

The first of the great personalities in Florentine painting was Giotto. Although he affords no exception to the rule that the great Florentines exploited all the arts in the endeavour to express themselves, he, Giotto, renowned as architect and sculptor, reputed as wit and versifier, differed from most of his Tuscan successors in having peculiar aptitude for the essential in painting *as an art*.

But before we can appreciate his real value, we must come to an agreement as to what in the art of figure-painting—the craft has its own altogether diverse laws—*is* the essential; for figure-painting, we may say at once, was not only the one pre-occupation of Giotto, but the dominant interest of the entire Florentine school.

Psychology has ascertained that sight alone gives us no accurate sense of the third dimension.

In our infancy, long before we are conscious of the process, the sense of touch, helped on by muscular sensations of movement, teaches us to appreciate depth, the third dimension, both in objects and in space.

In the same unconscious years we learn to make of touch, of the third dimension, the test of reality. The child is still dimly aware of the intimate connection between touch and the third dimension. He cannot persuade himself of the unreality of Looking-Glass Land until he has touched the back of the mirror. Later, we entirely forget the connection, although it remains true, that every time our eyes recognise reality, we are, as a matter of fact, giving tactile values to retinal impressions.

Now, painting is an art which aims at giving an abiding impression of artistic reality with only two dimensions. The painter must, therefore, do consciously what we all do unconsciously,—construct his third dimension. And he can accomplish his task only as we accomplish ours, by giving tactile values to retinal impressions. His first business, therefore, is to rouse the tactile sense, for I must have the

illusion of being able to touch a figure, I must have the illusion of varying muscular sensations inside my palm and fingers corresponding to the various projections of this figure, before I shall take it for granted as real, and let it affect me lastingly.

It follows that the essential in the art of painting—as distinguished from the art of colouring, I beg the reader to observe—is somehow to stimulate our consciousness of tactile values, so that the picture shall have at least as much power as the object represented, to appeal to our tactile imagination.

Well, it was of the power to stimulate the tactile consciousness—of the essential, as I have ventured to call it, in the art of painting—that Giotto was supreme master. This is his everlasting claim to greatness, and it is this which will make him a source of highest æsthetic delight for a period at least as long as decipherable traces of his handiwork remain on mouldering panel or crumbling wall. For great though he was as a poet, enthralling as a story-teller, splendid and majestic as a composer, he was in these qualities superior in degree only, to many of

the masters who painted in various parts of Europe during the thousand years that intervened between the decline of antique, and the birth, in his own person, of modern painting. But none of these masters had the power to stimulate the tactile imagination, and, consequently, they never painted a figure which has artistic existence. Their works have value, if at all, as highly elaborate, very intelligible symbols, capable, indeed, of communicating something, but losing all higher value the moment the message is delivered.

Giotto's paintings, on the contrary, have not only as much power of appealing to the tactile imagination as is possessed by the objects represented—human figures in particular—but actually more, with the necessary result that to his contemporaries they conveyed a *keener* sense of reality, of life-likeness than the objects themselves! We whose current knowledge of anatomy is greater, who expect more articulation and suppleness in the human figure, who, in short, see much less naïvely now than Giotto's contemporaries, no longer find his paintings more than life-like; but we still feel

them to be intensely real in the sense that they still powerfully appeal to our tactile imagination, thereby compelling us, as do all things that stimulate our sense of touch while they present themselves to our eyes, to take their existence for granted. And it is only when we can take for granted the existence of the object painted that it can begin to give us pleasure that is genuinely artistic, as separated from the interest we feel in symbols.

At the risk of seeming to wander off into the boundless domain of æsthetics, we must stop at this point for a moment to make sure that we are of one mind regarding the meaning of the phrase "artistic pleasure," in so far at least as it is used in connection with painting.

What is the point at which ordinary pleasures pass over into the specific pleasures derived from each one of the arts? Our judgment about the merits of any given work of art depends to a large extent upon our answer to this question. Those who have not yet differentiated the specific pleasures of the art of painting from the pleasures they derive from the art of literature, will be likely to fall into

the error of judging the picture by its dramatic presentation of a situation or its rendering of character; will, in short, demand of the painting that it shall be in the first place a good *illustration*. Those others who seek in painting what is usually sought in music, the communication of a pleasurable state of emotion, will prefer pictures which suggest pleasant associations, nice people, refined amusements, agreeable landscapes. In many cases this lack of clearness is of comparatively slight importance, the given picture containing all these pleasure-giving elements in addition to the qualities peculiar to the art of painting. But in the case of the Florentines, the distinction is of vital consequence, for they have been the artists in Europe who have most resolutely set themselves to work upon the specific problems of the art of figure-painting, and have neglected, more than any other school, to call to their aid the secondary pleasures of association. With them the issue is clear. If we wish to appreciate their merit, we are forced to disregard the desire for pretty or agreeable types, dramatically interpreted situations, and, in fact, "suggestive-

ness" of any kind. Worse still, we must even forego our pleasure in colour, often a genuinely artistic pleasure, for they never systematically exploited this element, and in some of their best works the colour is actually harsh and unpleasant. It was in fact upon form, and form alone, that the great Florentine masters concentrated their efforts, and we are consequently forced to the belief that, in their pictures at least, form is the principal source of our æsthetic enjoyment.

Now in what way, we ask, can form in painting give me a sensation of pleasure which differs from the ordinary sensations I receive from form? How is it that an object whose recognition in nature may have given me no pleasure, becomes, when recognised in a picture, a source of æsthetic enjoyment, or that recognition pleasurable in nature becomes an enhanced pleasure the moment it is transferred to art? The answer, I believe, depends upon the fact that art stimulates to an unwonted activity psychical processes which are in themselves the source of most (if not all) of our pleasures, and which here, free from disturbing physical sensations, never tend to pass over into pain.

For instance: I am in the habit of realising a given object with an intensity that we shall value as 2. If I suddenly realise this familiar object with an intensity of 4, I receive the immediate pleasure which accompanies a doubling of my mental activity. But the pleasure rarely stops here. Those who are capable of receiving direct pleasure from a work of art, are generally led on to the further pleasures of self-consciousness. The fact that the psychical process of recognition goes forward with the unusual intensity of 4 to 2, overwhelms them with the sense of having twice the capacity they had credited themselves with: their whole personality is enhanced, and, being aware that this enhancement is connected with the object in question, they for some time after take not only an increased interest in it, but continue to realise it with the new intensity. Precisely this is what form does in painting: it lends a higher coefficient of reality to the object represented, with the consequent enjoyment of accelerated psychical processes, and the exhilarating sense of increased capacity in the observer. (Hence, by the way, the greater

pleasure we take in the object painted than in itself.)

And it happens thus. We remember that to realise form we must give tactile values to retinal sensations. Ordinarily we have considerable difficulty in skimming off these tactile values, and by the time they have reached our consciousness, they have lost much of their strength. Obviously, the artist who gives us these values more rapidly than the object itself gives them, gives us the pleasures consequent upon a more vivid realisation of the object, and the further pleasures that come from the sense of greater psychical capacity.

Furthermore, the stimulation of our tactile imagination awakens our consciousness of the importance of the tactile sense in our physical and mental functioning, and thus, again, by making us feel better provided for life than we were aware of being, gives us a heightened sense of capacity. And this brings us back once more to the statement that the chief business of the figure painter, as an artist, is to stimulate the tactile imagination.

The proportions of this small book forbid me

to develop further a theme, the adequate treatment of which would require more than the entire space at my command. I must be satisfied with the crude and unillumined exposition given already, allowing myself this further word only, that I do not mean to imply that we get no pleasure from a picture except the tactile satisfaction. On the contrary, we get much pleasure from composition, more from colour, and perhaps more still from movement, to say nothing of all the possible associative pleasures for which every work of art is the occasion. What I do wish to say is that *unless* it satisfies our tactile imagination, a picture will not exert the fascination of an ever-heightened reality; first we shall exhaust its ideas, and then its power of appealing to our emotions, and its "beauty" will not seem more significant at the thousandth look than at the first.

My need of dwelling upon this subject at all, I must repeat, arises from the fact that although this principle is important indeed in other schools, it is all-important in the Florentine school. Without its due appreciation it would

be impossible to do justice to Florentine painting. We should lose ourselves in admiration of its "teaching," or perchance of its historical importance—as if historical importance were synonymous with artistic significance! — but we should never realise what artistic idea haunted the minds of its great men, and never understand why at a date so early it became academic.

Let us now turn back to Giotto and see in what way he fulfils the first condition of painting as an art, which condition, as we agreed, is somehow to stimulate our tactile imagination. We shall understand this without difficulty if we cover with the same glance two pictures of nearly the same subject that hang side by side in the Florence Academy, one by "Cimabue," and the other by Giotto. The difference is striking, but it does not consist so much in a difference of pattern and types, as of realisation. In the "Cimabue" we patiently decipher the lines and colours, and we conclude at last that they were intended to represent a woman seated, men and angels standing by or kneeling. To recognise these representations we have

had to make many times the effort that the actual objects would have required, and in consequence our feeling of capacity has not only not been confirmed, but actually put in question. With what sense of relief, of rapidly rising vitality, we turn to the Giotto! Our eyes scarcely have had time to light on it before we realise it completely—the throne occupying a real space, the Virgin satisfactorily seated upon it, the angels grouped in rows about it. Our tactile imagination is put to play immediately. Our palms and fingers accompany our eyes much more quickly than in presence of real objects, the sensations varying constantly with the various projections represented, as of face, torso, knees; confirming in every way our feeling of capacity for coping with things,—for life, in short. I care little that the picture endowed with the gift of evoking such feelings has faults, that the types represented do not correspond to my ideal of beauty, that the figures are too massive, and almost unarticulated; I forgive them all, because I have much better to do than to dwell upon faults.

But how does Giotto accomplish this mira-

cle? With the simplest means, with almost rudimentary light and shade, and functional line, he contrives to render, out of all the possible outlines, out of all the possible variations of light and shade that a given figure may have, only those that we must isolate for special attention when we are actually realising it. This determines his types, his schemes of colour, even his compositions. He aims at types which both in face and figure are simple, large-boned, and massive,—types, that is to say, which in actual life would furnish the most powerful stimulus to the tactile imagination. Obliged to get the utmost out of his rudimentary light and shade, he makes his scheme of colour of the lightest that his contrasts may be of the strongest. In his compositions, he aims at clearness of grouping, so that each important figure may have its desired tactile value. Note in the "Madonna" we have been looking at, how the shadows compel us to realise every concavity, and the lights every convexity, and how, with the play of the two, under the guidance of line, we realise the significant parts of each figure, whether draped or undraped. Nothing here but has its archi-

tectonic reason. Above all, every line is functional; that is to say, charged with purpose. Its existence, its direction, is absolutely determined by the need of rendering the tactile values. Follow any line here, say in the figure of the angel kneeling to the left, and see how it outlines and models, how it enables you to realise the head, the torso, the hips, the legs, the feet, and how its direction, its tension, is always determined by the action. There is not a genuine fragment of Giotto in existence but has these qualities, and to such a degree that the worst treatment has not been able to spoil them. Witness the resurrected frescoes in Santa Croce at Florence!

The rendering of tactile values once recognised as the most important specifically artistic quality of Giotto's work, and as his personal contribution to the art of painting, we are all the better fitted to appreciate his more obvious though less peculiar merits — merits, I must add, which would seem far less extraordinary if it were not for the high plane of reality on which Giotto keeps us. Now what is back of this power of raising us to a higher plane of

reality but a genius for grasping and communicating real significance? What is it to render the tactile values of an object but to communicate its material significance? A painter who, after generations of mere manufacturers of symbols, illustrations, and allegories had the power to render the material significance of the objects he painted, must, as a man, have had a profound sense of the significant. No matter, then, what his theme, Giotto feels its real significance and communicates as much of it as the general limitations of his art, and of his own skill permit. When the theme is sacred story, it is scarcely necessary to point out with what processional gravity, with what hieratic dignity, with what sacramental intentness he endows it; the eloquence of the greatest critics has here found a darling subject. But let us look a moment at certain of his symbols in the Arena at Padua, at the "Inconstancy," the "Injustice" the "Avarice," for instance. "What are the significant traits," he seems to have asked himself, "in the appearance and action of a person under the exclusive domination of one of these vices? Let me paint the person with these traits, and

I shall have a figure that perforce must call up the vice in question." So he paints "Inconstancy" as a woman with a blank face, her arms held out aimlessly, her torso falling backwards, her feet on the side of a wheel. It makes one giddy to look at her. "Injustice," is a powerfully built man in the vigour of his years dressed in the costume of a judge, with his left hand clenching the hilt of his sword, and his clawed right hand grasping a double hooked lance. His cruel eye is sternly on the watch, and his attitude is one of alert readiness to spring in all his giant force upon his prey. He sits enthroned on a rock, overtowering the tall waving trees, and below him his underlings are stripping and murdering a wayfarer. "Avarice" is a horned hag with ears like trumpets. A snake issuing from her mouth curls back and bites her forehead. Her left hand clutches her money-bag, as she moves forward stealthily, her right hand ready to shut down on whatever it can grasp. No need to label them: as long as these vices exist, for so long has Giotto extracted and presented their visible significance.

Still another exemplification of his sense for the significant is furnished by his treatment of action and movement. The grouping, the gestures never fail to be just such as will most rapidly convey the meaning. So with the significant line, the significant light and shade, the significant look up or down, and the significant gesture, with means technically of the simplest, and, be it remembered, with no knowledge of anatomy, Giotto conveys a complete sense of motion such as we get in his Paduan frescoes of the "Resurrection of the Blessed," of the "Ascension of our Lord," of the God the Father in the "Baptism," or the angel in "Zacharias' Dream."

This, then, is Giotto's claim to everlasting appreciation as an artist: that his thoroughgoing sense for the significant in the visible world enabled him so to represent things that we realise his representations more quickly and more completely than we should realise the things themselves, thus giving us that confirmation of our sense of capacity which is so great a source of pleasure.

III.

For a hundred years after Giotto there appeared in Florence no painter equally endowed with dominion over the significant. His immediate followers so little understood the essence of his power that some thought it resided in his massive types, others in the swiftness of his line, and still others in his light colour, and it never occurred to any of them that the massive form without its material significance, its tactile values, is a shapeless sack, that the line which is not functional is mere caligraphy, and that light colour by itself can at the best spot a surface prettily. The better of them felt their inferiority, but knew no remedy, and all worked busily, copying and distorting Giotto, until they and the public were heartily tired. A change at all costs became necessary, and it was very simple when it came. "Why grope about for the significant, when the obvious is at hand? Let me paint the obvious; the obvious always pleases," said some clever innovator. So he painted the obvious,—pretty clothes, pretty faces, and trivial action, with the

results foreseen: he pleased then, and he pleases still. Crowds still flock to the Spanish chapel in S. Maria Novella to celebrate the triumph of the obvious, and non-significant. Pretty faces, pretty colour, pretty clothes, and trivial action! Is there a single figure in the fresco representing the "Triumph of St. Thomas" which incarnates the idea it symbolises, which, without its labelling instrument, would convey any meaning whatever? One pretty woman holds a globe and sword, and I am required to feel the majesty of empire; another has painted over her pretty clothes a bow and arrow, which are supposed to rouse me to a sense of the terrors of war; a third has an organ on what was intended to be her knee, and the sight of this instrument must suffice to put me into the ecstasies of heavenly music; still another pretty lady has her arm akimbo, and if you want to know what edification she can bring, you must read her scroll. Below these pretty women sit a number of men looking as worthy as clothes and beards can make them; one highly dignified old gentleman gazes with all his heart and all his soul at—the point of his quill. The same lack of

significance, the same obviousness characterise the fresco representing the "Church Militant and Triumphant." What more obvious symbol for *the* Church than *a* church? what more significant of St. Dominic than the refuted Paynim philosopher who (with a movement, by the way, as obvious as it is clever) tears out a leaf from his own book? And I have touched only on the value of these frescoes as allegories. Not to speak of the emptiness of the one and the confusion of the other, as compositions, there is not a figure in either which has tactile values,—that is to say, artistic existence.

While I do not mean to imply that painting between Giotto and Masaccio existed in vain—on the contrary, considerable progress was made in the direction of landscape, perspective, and facial expression,—it is true that, excepting the works of two men, no masterpieces of art were produced. These two, one coming in the middle of the period we have been dwelling upon, and the other just at its close, were Andrea Orcagna and Fra Angelico.

Of Orcagna it is difficult to speak, as only a single fairly intact painting of his remains, the

altar-piece in S. Maria Novella. Here he reveals himself as a man of considerable endowment: as in Giotto, we have tactile values, material significance; the figures artistically exist. But while this painting betrays no peculiar feeling for beauty of face and expression, the frescoes in the same chapel, the one in particular representing Paradise, have faces full of charm and grace. I am tempted to believe that we have here a happy improvement made by the recent restorer. But what these mural paintings must always have had is real artistic existence, great dignity of slow but rhythmic movement, and splendid grouping. They still convince us of their high purpose. On the other hand, we are disappointed in Orcagna's sculptured tabernacle at Or Sammichele, where the feeling for both material and spiritual significance is much lower.

We are happily far better situated toward Fra Angelico, enough of whose works have come down to us to reveal not only his quality as an artist, but his character as a man. Perfect certainty of purpose, utter devotion to his task, a sacramental earnestness in performing

it, are what the quantity and quality of his work together proclaim. It is true that Giotto's profound feeling for either the materially or the spiritually significant was denied him—and there is no possible compensation for the difference; but although his sense for the real was weaker, it yet extended to fields which Giotto had not touched. Like all the supreme artists, Giotto had no inclination to concern himself with his attitude toward the significant, with his feelings about it; the grasping and presentation of it sufficed him. In the weaker personality, the significant, vaguely perceived, is converted into emotion, is merely felt, and not realised. Over this realm of feeling Fra Angelico was the first great master. "God 's in his heaven—all 's right with the world" he felt with an intensity which prevented him from perceiving evil anywhere. When he was obliged to portray it, his imagination failed him and he became a mere child; his hells are bogy-land; his martyrdoms are enacted by children solemnly playing at martyr and executioner; and he nearly spoils one of the most impressive scenes ever painted—the

great "Crucifixion" at San Marco—with the childish violence of St. Jerome's tears. But upon the picturing of blitheness, of ecstatic confidence in God's loving care, he lavished all the resources of his art. Nor were they small. To a power of rendering tactile values, to a sense for the significant in composition, inferior, it is true, to Giotto's, but superior to the qualifications of any intervening painter, Fra Angelico added the charm of great facial beauty, the interest of vivid expression, the attraction of delicate colour. What in the whole world of art more rejuvenating than Angelico's "Coronation" (in the Uffizi)—the happiness on all the faces, the flower-like grace of line and colour, the childlike simplicity yet unqualifiable beauty of the composition? And all this in tactile values which compel us to grant the reality of the scene, although in a world where real people are standing, sitting, and kneeling we know not, and care not, on what. It is true, the significance of the event represented is scarcely touched upon, but then how well Angelico communicates the feeling with which it inspired him! Yet simple though he was as a person,

simple and one-sided as was his message, as a product he was singularly complex. He was the typical painter of the transition from Mediæval to Renaissance. The sources of his feeling are in the Middle Ages, but he *enjoys* his feelings in a way which is almost modern; and almost modern also are his means of expression. We are too apt to forget this transitional character of his, and, ranking him with the moderns, we count against him every awkwardness of action, and every lack of articulation in his figures. Yet both in action and in articulation he made great progress upon his precursors—so great that, but for Masaccio, who completely surpassed him, we should value him as an innovator. Moreover, he was not only the first Italian to paint a landscape that can be identified (a view of Lake Thrasymene from Cortona), but the first to communicate a sense of the pleasantness of nature. How readily we feel the freshness and spring-time gaiety of his gardens in the frescoes of the "Annunciation" and the "Noli me tangere" at San Marco!

IV.

Giotto born again, starting where death had cut short his advance, instantly making his own all that had been gained during his absence, and profiting by the new conditions, the new demands—imagine such an avatar, and you will understand Masaccio.

Giotto we know already, but what were the new conditions, the new demands? The mediæval skies had been torn asunder and a new heaven and a new earth had appeared, which the abler spirits were already inhabiting and enjoying. Here new interests and new values prevailed. The thing of sovereign price was the power to subdue and to create; of sovereign interest all that helped man to know the world he was living in and his power over it. To the artist the change offered a field of the freest activity. It is always his business to reveal to an age its ideals. But what room was there for sculpture and painting,—arts whose first purpose it is to make us realise the material significance of things—in a period like the Middle Ages, when the human body was de-

nied all intrinsic significance? In such an age the figure artist can thrive, as Giotto did, only in spite of it, and as an isolated phenomenon. In the Renaissance, on the contrary, the figure artist had a demand made on him such as had not been made since the great Greek days, to reveal to a generation believing in man's power to subdue and to possess the world, the physical types best fitted for the task. And as this demand was imperative and constant, not one, but a hundred Italian artists arose, able each in his own way to meet it,—in their combined achievement, rivalling the art of the Greeks.

In sculpture Donatello had already given body to the new ideals when Masaccio began his brief career, and in the education, the awakening, of the younger artist the example of the elder must have been of incalculable force. But a type gains vastly in significance by being presented in some action along with other individuals of the same type; and here Donatello was apt, rather than to draw his meed of profit, to incur loss by descending to the obvious—witness his *bas-reliefs* at Siena, Florence, and Padua. Masaccio was untouched

by this taint. Types, in themselves of the manliest, he presents with a sense for the materially significant which makes us realise to the utmost their power and dignity; and the spiritual significance thus gained he uses to give the highest import to the event he is portraying; this import, in turn, gives a higher value to the types, and thus, whether we devote our attention to his types or to his action, Masaccio keeps us on a high plane of reality and significance. In later painting we shall easily find greater science, greater craft, and greater perfection of detail, but greater reality, greater significance, I venture to say, never. Dust-bitten and ruined though his Brancacci Chapel frescoes now are, I never see them without the strongest stimulation of my tactile consciousness. I feel that I could touch every figure, that it would yield a definite resistance to my touch, that I should have to expend thus much effort to displace it, that I could walk around it. In short, I scarcely could realise it more, and in real life I should scarcely realise it so well, the attention of each of us being too apt to concentrate itself upon

some dynamic quality, before we have at all begun to realise the full material significance of the person before us. Then what strength to his young men, and what gravity and power to his old! How quickly a race like this would possess itself of the earth, and brook no rivals but the forces of nature! Whatever they do—simply because it is they—is impressive and important, and every movement, every gesture, is world-changing. Compared with his figures, those in the same chapel by his precursor, Masolino, are childish, and those by his follower, Filippino, unconvincing and without significance, because without tactile values. Even Michelangelo, where he comes in rivalry, has, for both reality and significance, to take a second place. Compare his "Expulsion from Paradise" (in the Sixtine Chapel) with the one here by Masaccio. Michelangelo's figures are more correct, but far less tangible and less powerful; and while he represents nothing but a man warding off a blow dealt from a sword, and a woman cringing with ignoble fear, Masaccio's Adam and Eve stride away from Eden heart-broken with shame and grief, hearing,

perhaps, but not seeing, the angel hovering high overhead who directs their exiled footsteps.

Masaccio, then, like Giotto a century earlier, —himself the Giotto of an artistically more propitious world—was, as an artist, a great master of the significant, and, as a painter, endowed to the highest degree with a sense of tactile values, and with a skill in rendering them. In a career of but few years he gave to Florentine painting the direction it pursued to the end. In many ways he reminds us of the young Bellini. Who knows? Had he but lived as long, he might have laid the foundation for a painting not less delightful and far more profound than that of Venice. As it was, his frescoes at once became, and for as long as there were real artists among them remained, the training-school of Florentine painters.

V.

Masaccio's death left Florentine painting in the hands of three men older, and two somewhat younger than himself, all men of great talent, if not of genius, each of whom—the former to the

extent habits already formed would permit, the latter overwhelmingly, felt his influence. The older, who, but for Masaccio, would themselves have been the sole determining personalities in their art, were Fra Angelico, Paolo Uccello, and Andrea del Castagno; the younger, Domenico Veneziano and Fra Filippo. As these were the men who for a whole generation after Masaccio's death remained at the head of their craft, forming the taste of the public, and communicating their habits and aspirations to their pupils, we at this point can scarcely do better than try to get some notion of each of them and of the general art tendencies they represented.

Fra Angelico we know already as the painter who devoted his life to picturing the departing mediæval vision of a heaven upon earth. Nothing could have been farther from the purpose of Uccello and Castagno. Different as these two were from each other, they have this much in common, that in their works which remain to us, dating, it is true, from their years of maturity, there is no touch of mediæval sentiment, no note of transition. As artists they belonged entirely to the new era, and they stand at the be-

ginning of the Renaissance as types of two tendencies which were to prevail in Florence throughout the whole of the fifteenth century, partly supplementing and partly undoing the teaching of Masaccio.

Uccello had a sense of tactile values and a feeling for colour, but in so far as he used these gifts at all, it was to illustrate scientific problems. His real passion was perspective, and painting was to him a mere occasion for solving some problem in this science, and displaying his mastery over its difficulties. Accordingly he composed pictures in which he contrived to get as many lines as possible leading the eye inward. Prostrate horses, dead or dying cavaliers, broken lances, ploughed fields, Noah's arks, are used by him with scarcely an attempt at disguise, to serve his scheme of mathematically converging lines. In his zeal he forgot local colour—he loved to paint his horses green or pink—forgot action, forgot composition, and, it need scarcely be added, significance. Thus in his battle-pieces, instead of adequate action of any sort, we get the feeling of witnessing a show of stuffed figures whose mechanical movements

have been suddenly arrested by some clog in their wires; in his fresco of the "Deluge," he has so covered his space with demonstrations of his cleverness in perspective and foreshortening that, far from bringing home to us the terrors of a cataclysm, he at the utmost suggests the bursting of a mill-dam; and in the neighbouring fresco of the "Sacrifice of Noah," just as some capitally constructed figures are about to enable us to realise the scene, all possibility of artistic pleasure is destroyed by our seeing an object in the air which, after some difficulty, we decipher as a human being plunging downward from the clouds. Instead of making this figure, which, by the way, is meant to represent God the Father, plunge toward us, Uccello deliberately preferred to make it dash inward, away from us, thereby displaying his great skill in both perspective and foreshortening, but at the same time writing himself down as the founder of two families of painters which have flourished ever since, the artists for dexterity's sake—mental or manual, it scarcely matters—and the naturalists. As these two clans increased rapidly in Florence, and, for both good

and evil, greatly affected the whole subsequent course of Florentine painting, we must, before going farther, briefly define to ourselves dexterity and naturalism, and their relation to art.

The essential in painting, especially in figure-painting, is, we agreed, the rendering of the tactile values of the forms represented, because by this means, and this alone, can the art make us realise forms better than we do in life. The great painter, then, is, above all, an artist with a great sense of tactile values and great skill in rendering them. Now this sense, though it will increase as the man is revealed to himself, is something which the great painter possesses at the start, so that he is scarcely, if at all, aware of possessing it. His conscious effort is given to the means of rendering. It is of means of rendering, therefore, that he talks to others; and, because his triumphs here are hard-earned and conscious, it is on his skill in rendering that he prides himself. The greater the painter, the less likely he is to be aware of aught else in his art than problems of rendering—but all the while he is communicating what the force of

his genius makes him feel without his striving for it, almost without his being aware of it, the material and spiritual significance of forms. However—his intimates hear him talk of nothing but skill; he seems to think of nothing but skill; and naturally they, and the entire public, conclude that his skill is his genius, and that skill *is* art. This, alas, has at all times been the too prevalent notion of what art is, divergence of opinion existing not on the principle, but on the kind of dexterity to be prized, each generation, each critic, having an individual standard, based always on the several peculiar problems and difficulties that interest them. At Florence these inverted notions about art were especially prevalent because it was a school of art with a score of men of genius and a thousand mediocrities all egging each other on to exhibitions of dexterity, and in their hot rivalry it was all the great geniuses could do to be faithful to their sense of significance. Even Masaccio was driven to exhibit his mere skill, the much admired and by itself wonderfully realised figure of a naked man trembling with cold being not only without

real significance, but positively distracting, in the representation of a baptism. A weaker man like Paolo Uccello almost entirely sacrificed what sense of artistic significance he may have started with, in his eagerness to display his skill and knowledge. As for the rabble, their work has now the interest of prize exhibitions at local art schools, and their number merely helped to accelerate the momentum with which Florentine art rushed to its end. But out of even mere dexterity a certain benefit to art may come. Men without feeling for the significant may yet perfect a thousand matters which make rendering easier and quicker for the man who comes with something to render, and when Botticelli and Leonardo and Michelangelo appeared, they found their artistic patrimony increased in spite of the fact that since Masaccio there had been no man at all approaching their genius. This increase, however, was due not at all so much to the sons of dexterity, as to the intellectually much nobler, but artistically even inferior race of whom also Uccello was the ancestor—the Naturalists.

What is a Naturalist? I venture upon the

following definition:—A man with a native gift for science who has taken to art. His purpose is not to extract the material and spiritual significance of objects, thus communicating them to us more rapidily and intensely than we should perceive them ourselves, and thereby giving us a sense of heightened vitality; his purpose is research, and his communication consists of nothing but facts. From this perhaps too abstract statement let us take refuge in an example already touched upon—the figure of the Almighty in Uccello's "Sacrifice of Noah." Instead of presenting this figure as coming toward us in an attitude and with an expression that will appeal to our sense of solemnity, as a man whose chief interest was artistic would have done—as Giotto, in fact, did in his "Baptism"—Uccello seems to have been possessed with nothing but the scientific intention to find out how a man swooping down head-foremost would have looked if at a given instant of his fall he had been suddenly congealed and suspended in space. A figure like this may have a mathematical but certainly has no psychological significance. Uccello, it is

true, has studied every detail of this phenomenon and noted down his observations, but because his notes happen to be in form and colour, they do not therefore constitute a work of art. Wherein does his achievement differ in quality from a coloured map of a country? We can easily conceive of a relief map of Cadore or Giverny on so large a scale, and so elaborately coloured, that it will be an exact reproduction of the physical aspects of those regions, but never for a moment should we place it beside a landscape by Titian or Monet, and think of it as a work of art. Yet its relation to the Titian or Monet painting is exactly that of Uccello's achievement to Giotto's. What the scientist who paints—the naturalist, that is to say,—attempts to do is not to give us what art alone can give us, the life-enhancing qualities of objects, but a reproduction of them as they are. If he succeeded, he would give us the exact visual impression of the objects themselves, but art, as we have already agreed, must give us not the mere reproductions of things but a quickened sense of capacity for realising them. Artistically, then, the naturalists, Uccello and

his numerous successors, accomplished nothing. Yet their efforts to reproduce objects as they are, their studies in anatomy and perspective, made it inevitable that when another great genius did arise, he should be a Leonardo or a Michelangelo, and not a Giotto.

Uccello, as I have said, was the first representative of two strong tendencies in Florentine painting—of art for dexterity's sake, and art for scientific purposes. Andrea del Castagno, while also unable to resist the fascination of mere science and dexterity, had too much artistic genius to succumb to either. He was endowed with great sense for the significant, although, it is true, not enough to save him completely from the pitfalls which beset all Florentines, and even less from one more peculiar to himself—the tendency to communicate at any cost a feeling of power. To make us feel power as Masaccio or Michelangelo do at their best is indeed an achievement, but it requires the highest genius and the profoundest sense for the significant. The moment this sense is at all lacking, the artist will not succeed in conveying power, but such obvious manifes-

tations of it as mere strength, or, worse still, the insolence not infrequently accompanying high spirits. Now Castagno, who succeeds well enough in one or two such single figures as his Cumæan Sibyl or his Farinata degli Uberti, which have great, if not the greatest, power, dignity, and even beauty, elsewhere condescends to mere swagger,—as in his Pipo Spano or Niccolo di Tolentino—or to mere strength, as in his "Last Supper," or, worse still, to actual brutality, as in his Santa Maria Nuova "Crucifixion." Nevertheless, his few remaining works lead us to suspect in him the greatest artist, and the most influential personality among the painters of the first generation after Masaccio.

VI.

To distinguish clearly, after the lapse of nearly five centuries, between Uccello and Castagno, and to determine the precise share each had in the formation of the Florentine school, is already a task fraught with difficulties. The scantiness of his remaining works make it more than difficult, make it almost im-

possible, to come to accurate conclusions regarding the character and influence of their somewhat younger contemporary, Domenico Veneziano. That he was an innovator in technique, in affairs of vehicle and medium, we know from Vasari; but as such innovations, indispensable though they may become to painting as a craft, are in themselves questions of theoretic and applied chemistry, and not of art, they do not here concern us. His artistic achievements seem to have consisted in giving to the figure movement and expression, and to the face individuality. In his existing works we find no trace of sacrifice made to dexterity and naturalism, although it is clear that he must have been master of whatever science and whatever craft were prevalent in his day. Otherwise he would not have been able to render a figure like the St. Francis in his Uffizi altar-piece, where tactile values and movement expressive of character—what we usually call individual *gait*—were perhaps for the first time combined; or to attain to such triumphs as his St. John and St. Francis, at Santa Croce, whose entire figures express as much fervour as their elo-

quent faces. As to his sense for the significant in the individual, in other words, his power as a portrait-painter, we have in the Pitti one or two heads to witness, perhaps, the first great achievements in this kind of the Renaissance.

No such difficulties as we have encountered in the study of Uccello, Castagno, and Veneziano meet us as we turn to Fra Filippo. His works are still copious, and many of them are admirably preserved; we therefore have every facility for judging him as an artist, yet nothing is harder than to appreciate him at his due. If attractiveness, and attractiveness of the best kind, sufficed to make a great artist, then Filippo would be one of the greatest, greater perhaps than any other Florentine before Leonardo. Where shall we find faces more winsome, more appealing, than in certain of his Madonnas—the one in the Uffizi, for instance—more momentarily evocative of noble feeling than in his Louvre altar-piece? Where in Florentine painting is there anything more fascinating than the playfulness of his children, more poetic than one or two of his landscapes, more charming than is at times his colour?

And with all this, health, even robustness, and almost unfailing good-humour! Yet by themselves all these qualities constitute only a high-class illustrator, and such by native endowment I believe Frà Filippo to have been. That he became more—very much more—is due rather to Masaccio's potent influence than to his own genius; for he had no profound sense of either material or spiritual significance—the essential qualifications of the real artist. Working under the inspiration of Masaccio, he at times renders tactile values admirably, as in the Uffizi Madonna—but most frequently he betrays no genuine feeling for them, failing in his attempt to render them by the introduction of bunchy, billowy, caligraphic draperies. These, acquired from the late Giottesque painter (probably Lorenzo Monaco) who had been his first master, he seems to have prized as artistic elements no less than the tactile values which he attempted to adopt later, serenely unconscious, apparently, of their incompatibility. Filippo's strongest impulse was not toward the pre-eminently artistic one of re-creation, but rather toward expression, and within that field, toward the expression

of the pleasant, genial, spiritually comfortable feelings of ordinary life. His real place is with the *genre* painters; only his *genre* was of the soul, as that of others—of Benozzo Gozzoli, for example—was of the body. Hence a sin of his own, scarcely less pernicious than that of the naturalists, and cloying to boot—expression at any cost.

VII.

From the brief account just given of the four dominant personalities in Florentine painting from about 1430 to about 1460, it results that the leanings of the school during this interval were not artistic and artistic alone, but that there were other tendencies as well, tendencies on the one side, toward the expression of emotion (scarcely less literary because in form and colour than if in words), and, on the other, toward the naturalistic reproduction of objects. We have also noted that while the former tendency was represented by Filippo alone, the latter had Paolo Uccello, and all of Castagno and Veneziano that the genius of these two men would permit them to sacrifice to natural-

ism and science. To the extent, however, that they took sides and were conscious of a distinct purpose, these also sided with Uccello and not with Filippo. It may be agreed, therefore, that the main current of Florentine painting for a generation after Masaccio was naturalistic, and that consequently the impact given to the younger painters who during this period were starting, was mainly toward naturalism. Later, in studying Botticelli, we shall see how difficult it was for any one young at the time to escape this tide, even if by temperament farthest removed from scientific interests.

Meanwhile we must continue our study of the naturalists, but now of the second generation. Their number and importance from 1460 to 1490 is not alone due to the fact that art education toward the beginning of this epoch was mainly naturalistic, but also to the real needs of a rapidly advancing craft, and even more to the character of the Florentine mind, the dominant turn of which was to science and not to art. But as there were then no professions scientific in the stricter sense of the word,

and as art of some form was the pursuit of a considerable proportion of the male inhabitants of Florence, it happened inevitably that many a lad with the natural capacities of a Galileo was in early boyhood apprenticed as an artist. And as he never acquired ordinary methods of scientific expression, and never had time for occupations not bread-winning, he was obliged his life long to make of his art both the subject of his strong instinctive interest in science, and the vehicle of conveying his knowledge to others.

This was literally the case with the oldest among the leaders of the new generation, Alessio Baldovinetti, in whose scanty remaining works no trace of purely artistic feeling or interest can be discerned; and it is only less true of Alessio's somewhat younger, but far more gifted contemporaries, Antonio Pollaiuolo and Andrea Verrocchio. These also we should scarcely suspect of being more than men of science, if Pollaiuolo once or twice, and Verrocchio more frequently, did not dazzle us with works of almost supreme art, which, but for our readiness to believe in the manifold possibilities

of Florentine genius, we should with exceeding difficulty accept as their creation—so little do they seem to result from their conscious striving. Alessio's attention being largely devoted to problems of vehicle—to the side of painting which is scarcely superior to cookery—he had time for little else, although that spare time he gave to the study of landscape, in the rendering of which he was among the innovators. Andrea and Antonio set themselves the much worthier task of increasing on every side the effectiveness of the figure arts, of which, sculpture no less than painting, they aimed to be masters.

To confine ourselves, however, as closely as we may to painting, and leaving aside for the present the question of colour, which, as I have already said, is, in Florentine art, of entirely subordinate importance, there were three directions in which painting as Pollaiuolo and Verrocchio found it had greatly to advance before it could attain its maximum of effectiveness: landscape, movement, and the nude. Giotto had attempted none of these. The nude, of course, he scarcely touched; movement he sug-

gested admirably, but never rendered; and in landscape he was satisfied with indications hardly more than symbolical, although quite adequate to his purpose, which was to confine himself to the human figure. In all directions Masaccio made immense progress, guided by his never failing sense for material significance, which, as it led him to render the tactile values of each figure separately, compelled him also to render the tactile values of groups as wholes, and of their landscape surroundings—by preference, hills so shaped as readily to stimulate the tactile imagination. For what he accomplished in the nude and in movement, we have his "Expulsion" and his "Man Trembling with Cold" to witness. But in his works neither landscape nor movement, nor the nude, are as yet distinct sources of artistic pleasure—that is to say, in themselves life-enhancing. Although we can well leave the nude until we come to Michelangelo, who was the first to completely realise its distinctly artistic possibilities, we cannot so well dispense with an enquiry into the sources of our æsthetic pleasure in the representation of movement and of landscape, as it

was in these two directions—in movement by Pollaiuolo especially, and in landscape by Baldovinetti, Pollaiuolo, and Verrocchio—that the great advances of this generation of Florentine painters were made.

VIII.

Turning our attention first to movement—which, by the way, is not the same as motion, mere change of place—we find that we realise it just as we realise objects, by the stimulation of our tactile imagination, only that here touch retires to a second place before the muscular feelings of varying pressure and strain. I see (to take an example) two men wrestling, but unless my retinal impressions are immediately translated into images of strain and pressure in my muscles, of resistance to my weight, of touch all over my body, it means nothing to me in terms of vivid experience—not more, perhaps, than if I heard some one say "Two men are wrestling." Although a wrestling match may, in fact, contain many genuinely artistic elements, our enjoyment of it can never be quite artistic; we are prevented from com-

pletely realising it not only by our dramatic interest in the game, but also, granting the possibility of being devoid of dramatic interest, by the succession of movements being too rapid for us to realise each completely, and too fatiguing, even if realisable. Now if a way could be found of conveying to us the realisation of movement without the confusion and the fatigue of the actuality, we should be getting out of the wrestlers more than they themselves can give us—the heightening of vitality which comes to us whenever we keenly realise life, such as the actuality itself would give us, *plus* the greater effectiveness of the heightening brought about by the clearer, intenser, and less fatiguing realisation. This is precisely what the artist who succeeds in representing movement achieves: making us realise it as we never can actually, he gives us a heightened sense of capacity, and whatever is in the actuality enjoyable, he allows us to enjoy at our leisure. In words already familiar to us, he *extracts the significance of movements*, just as, in rendering tactile values, the artist extracts the corporeal significance of objects.

His task is, however, far more difficult, although less indispensable :—it is not enough that he should extract the values of what at any given moment is an actuality, as is an object, but what at no moment really is—namely movement. He can accomplish his task in only one way, and that is by so rendering the one particular movement that we shall be able to realise all other movements that the same figure may make. "He is grappling with his enemy now," I say of my wrestler. "What a pleasure to be able to realise in my own muscles, on my own chest, with my own arms and legs, the life that is in him as he is making his supreme effort! What a pleasure, as I look away from the representation, to realise in the same manner, how after the contest his muscles will relax, and rest trickle like a refreshing stream through his nerves!" All this I shall be made to enjoy by the artist who, in representing any one movement, can give me the logical sequence of visible strain and pressure in the parts and muscles.

It is just here that the scientific spirit of the Florentine naturalists was of immense service

to art. This logic of sequence is to be attained only by great, although not necessarily more than empiric, knowledge of anatomy, such perhaps as the artist pure would never be inclined to work out for himself, but just such as would be of absorbing interest to those scientists by temperament and artists by profession whom we have in Pollaiuolo and, to a less extent, in Verrocchio. We remember how Giotto contrived to render tactile values. Of all the possible outlines, of all the possible variations of light and shade that a figure may have, he selected those that we must isolate for special attention when we are actually realising it. If instead of figure, we say figure in movement, the same statement applies to the way Pollaiuolo rendered movement—with this difference, however, that he had to render what in actuality we never can perfectly isolate, the line and light and shade most significant of any given action. This the artist must construct himself out of his dramatic feeling for pressure and strain and his ability to articulate the figure in all its logical sequences, for, if he would convey a sense of movement, he must give the line

and the light and shade which will best render not tactile values alone, but the sequences of articulations.

It would be difficult to find more effective illustration of all that has just been said about movement than one or two of Pollaiuolo's own works, which, in contrast to most of his achievements, where little more than effort and research are visible, are really masterpieces of life-communicating art. Let us look first at his engraving known as the "Battle of the Nudes." What is it that makes us return to this sheet with ever renewed, ever increased pleasure? Surely it is not the hideous faces of most of the figures and their scarcely less hideous bodies. Nor is it the pattern as decorative design, which is of great beauty indeed, but not at all in proportion to the spell exerted upon us. Least of all is it—for most of us—an interest in the technique or history of engraving. No, the pleasure we take in these savagely battling forms arises from their power to directly communicate life, to immensely heighten our sense of vitality. Look at the combatant prostrate on the ground and

his assailant bending over, each intent on stabbing the other. See how the prostrate man plants his foot on the thigh of his enemy, and note the tremendous energy he exerts to keep off the foe, who, turning as upon a pivot, with his grip on the other's head, exerts no less force to keep the advantage gained. The significance of all these muscular strains and pressures is so rendered that we cannot help realising them; we imagine ourselves imitating all the movements, and exerting the force required for them —and all without the least effort on our side. If all this without moving a muscle, what should we feel if we too had exerted ourselves! And thus while under the spell of this illusion —this hyperæsthesia not bought with drugs, and not paid for with cheques drawn on our vitality—we feel as if the elixir of life, not our own sluggish blood, were coursing through our veins.

Let us look now at an even greater triumph of movement than the Nudes, Pollaiuolo's "Hercules Strangling Antæus." As you realise the suction of Hercules' grip on the earth, the swelling of his calves with the pressure that

falls on them, the violent throwing back of his chest, the stifling force of his embrace; as you realise the supreme effort of Antæus, with one hand crushing down upon the head and the other tearing at the arm of Hercules, you feel as if a fountain of energy had sprung up under your feet and were playing through your veins. I cannot refrain from mentioning still another masterpiece, this time not only of movement, but of tactile values and personal beauty as well—Pollaiuolo's "David" at Berlin. The young warrior has sped his stone, cut off the giant's head, and now he strides over it, his graceful, slender figure still vibrating with the rapidity of his triumph, expectant, as if fearing the ease of it. What lightness, what buoyancy we feel as we realise the movement of this wonderful youth!

IX.

In all that concerns movement, Verrocchio was a learner from Pollaiuolo, rather than an initiator, and he probably never attained his master's proficiency. We have unfortunately but few terms for comparison, as the only paintings

which can be with certainty ascribed to Verrocchio are not pictures of action. A drawing however like that of his angel, in the British Museum, which attempts as much movement as the Hercules by Pollaiuolo, in the same collection, is of obviously inferior quality. Yet in sculpture, along with works which are valuable as harbingers of Leonardo rather than for any intrinsic perfection, he created two such masterpieces of movement as the "Child with the Dolphin" in the courtyard of the Palazzo Vecchio, and the Colleoni monument at Venice—the latter sinning, if at all, by an over-exuberance of movement, by a step and swing too suggestive of drums and trumpets. But in landscape Verrocchio was a decided innovator. To understand what new elements he introduced, we must at this point carry out our determination to enquire into the source of our pleasure in landscape painting; or rather—to avoid a subject of vast extent for which this is not the place—of landscape painting as practised by the Florentines.

Before Verrocchio, his precursors, first Alessio Baldovinetti and then Pollaiuolo, had attempted

to treat landscape as naturalistically as painting would permit. Their ideal was to note it down with absolute correctness from a given point of view; their subject almost invariably the Valdarno; their achievement, a bird's-eye view of this Tuscan paradise. Nor can it be denied that this gives pleasure, but the pleasure is only such as is conveyed by tactile values. Instead of having the difficulty we should have in nature to distinguish clearly points near the horizon's edge, we here see them perfectly and without an effort, and in consequence feel great confirmation of capacity for life. Now if landscape were, as most people vaguely believe, a pleasure coming through the eyes alone, then the Pollaiuolesque treatment could be equalled by none that has followed, and surpassed only by Rogier van der Weyden, or by the quaint German "Master of the Lyversberg Passion," who makes us see objects miles away with as great a precision and with as much intensity of local colour as if we were standing off from them a few feet. Were landscape really this, then nothing more inartistic than gradation of tint, atmosphere, and *plein air*, all of which help to

make distant objects less clear, and therefore tend in no way to heighten our sense of capacity. But as a matter of fact the pleasure we take in actual landscape is only to a limited extent an affair of the eye, and to a great extent one of unusually intense well-being. The painter's problem, therefore, is not merely to render the tactile values of the visible objects, but to convey, more rapidly and unfailingly than nature would do, *the consciousness* of an unusually intense degree of well-being. This task—the communication by means purely visual of feelings occasioned chiefly by sensations non-visual—is of such difficulty that, until recently, successes in the rendering of what is peculiar to landscape as an art, and to landscape alone, were accidental and sporadic. Only now, in our own days, may painting be said to be grappling with this problem seriously; and perhaps we are already at the dawn of an art which will have to what has hitherto been called landscape, the relation of our music to the music of the Greeks or of the Middle Ages.

Verrocchio was, among Florentines at least,

the first to feel that a faithful reproduction of the contours is not landscape, that the painting of nature is an art distinct from the painting of the figure. He scarcely knew where the difference lay, but felt that light and atmosphere play an entirely different part in each, and that in landscape these have at least as much importance as tactile values. A vision of *plein air*, vague I must grant, seems to have hovered before him, and, feeling his powerlessness to cope with it in full effects of light such as he attempted in his earlier pictures, he deliberately chose the twilight hour, when, in Tuscany, on fine days, the trees stand out almost black against a sky of light opalescent grey. To render this subduing, soothing effect of the coolness and the dew after the glare and dust of the day—the effect so matchlessly given in Gray's "Elegy"—seemed to be his first desire as a painter, and in presence of his "Annunciation" (in the Uffizi), we feel that he succeeded as only one other Tuscan succeeded after him, that other being his own pupil Leonardo.

X.

It is a temptation to hasten on from Pollaiuolo and Verrocchio to Botticelli and Leonardo, to men of genius as artists reappearing again after two generations, men who accomplished with scarcely an effort what their precursors had been toiling after. But from these it would be even more difficult than at present to turn back to painters of scarcely any rank among the world's great artists, and of scarcely any importance as links in a chain of evolution, but not to be passed by, partly because of certain qualities they do possess, and partly because their names would be missed in an account, even so brief as this, of Florentine painting. The men I chiefly refer to, one most active toward the middle and the other toward the end of the fifteenth century, are Benozzo Gozzoli and Domenico Ghirlandaio. Although they have been rarely coupled together, they have much in common. Both were, as artists, little more than mediocrities with almost no genuine feeling for what makes painting a great art. The real attractiveness of both lies entirely out-

side the sphere of pure art, in the realms of *genre* illustration. And here the likeness between them ends; within their common ground they differed widely.

Benozzo was gifted with a rare facility not only of execution but of invention, with a spontaneity, a freshness, a liveliness in telling a story that wake the child in us, and the lover of the fairy tale. Later in life, his more precious gifts deserted him, but who wants to resist the fascination of his early works, painted, as they seem, by a Fra Angelico who had forgotten heaven and become enamoured of the earth and the spring-time? In his Riccardi Palace frescoes, he has sunk already to portraying the Florentine apprentice's dream of a holiday in the country on St. John's Day; but what a *naïf* ideal of luxury and splendour it is! With these, the glamour in which he saw the world began to fade away from him, and in his Pisan frescoes we have, it is true, many a quaint bit of *genre* (superior to Teniers only because of superior associations), but never again the fairy tale. And as the better recedes, it is replaced by the worse, by the bane of all *genre* painting, non-

significant detail, and positive bad taste. Have London or New York or Berlin worse to show us than the jumble of buildings in his ideal of a great city, his picture of Babylon? It may be said he here continues mediæval tradition, which is quite true, but this very fact indicates his real place, which, in spite of his adopting so many of the fifteenth-century improvements, is not with the artists of the Renaissance, but with the story-tellers and costumed fairy-tale painters of the transition, with Spinello Aretino and Gentile da Fabriano, for instance. And yet, once in a while, he renders a head with such character, or a movement with such ease that we wonder whether he had not in him, after all, the making of a real artist.

Ghirlandaio was born to far more science and cunning in painting than was current in Benozzo's early years, and all that industry, all that love of his occupation, all that talent even, can do for a man, they did for him; but unfortunately he had not a spark of genius. He appreciated Masaccio's tactile values, Pollaiuolo's movement, Verrocchio's effects of light, and succeeded in so sugaring down what he

adopted from these great masters that the superior philistine of Florence could say: "There now is a man who knows as much as any of the great men, but can give me something that I can really enjoy!" Bright colour, pretty faces, good likenesses, and the obvious everywhere—attractive and delightful, it must be granted, but, except in certain single figures, never significant. Let us glance a moment at his famous frescoes in Santa Maria Novella. To begin with, they are so undecorative that, in spite of the tone and surface imparted to them by four centuries, they still suggest so many *tableaux vivants* pushed into the wall side by side, and in tiers. Then the compositions are as overfilled as the sheets of an illustrated newspaper—witness the "Massacre of the Innocents," a scene of such magnificent artistic possibilities. Finally, irrelevant episodes and irrelevant groups of portraits do what they can to distract our attention from all higher significance. Look at the "Birth of John"; Ginervra dei Benci stands there, in the very foreground, staring out at you as stiff as if she had a photographer's iron behind her head. An even

larger group of Florentine housewives in all their finery disfigures the "Birth of the Virgin," which is further spoiled by a *bas relief* to show off the painter's acquaintance with the antique, and by the figure of the serving maid who pours out water, with the rush of a whirlwind in her skirts—this to show off skill in the rendering of movement. Yet elsewhere, as in his "Epiphany" in the Uffizi, Ghirlandaio has undeniable charm, and occasionally in portraits his talent, here at its highest, rises above mediocrity, in one instance, the fresco of Sassetti in Santa Trinità, becoming almost genius.

XI.

All that Giotto and Masaccio had attained in the rendering of tactile values, all that Fra Angelico or Filippo had achieved in expression, all that Pollaiuolo had accomplished in movement, or Verrocchio in light and shade, Leonardo, without the faintest trace of that tentativeness, that painfulness of effort which characterised his immediate precursors, equalled or surpassed. Outside Velasquez, and perhaps, when at their best, Rembrandt and Degas, we

shall seek in vain for tactile values so stimulating and so convincing as those of his "Mona Lisa"; outside Degas, we shall not find such supreme mastery over the art of movement as in the unfinished "Epiphany" in the Uffizi; and if Leonardo has been left far behind as a painter of light, no one has succeeded in conveying by means of light and shade a more penetrating feeling of mystery and awe than he in his "Virgin of the Rocks." Add to all this, a feeling for beauty and significance that have scarcely ever been approached. Where again youth so poignantly attractive, manhood so potently virile, old age so dignified and possessed of the world's secrets! Who like Leonardo has depicted the mother's happiness in her child and the child's joy in being alive; who like Leonardo has portrayed the timidity, the newness to experience, the delicacy and refinement of maidenhood; or the enchantress intuitions, the inexhaustible fascination of the woman in her years of mastery? Look at his many sketches for Madonnas, look at Donna Laura Minghetti's "Profile of a Maiden," or at the *Belle Joconde*, and see whether elsewhere

you find their equals. Leonardo is the one artist of whom it may be said with perfect literalness: Nothing that he touched but turned into a thing of eternal beauty. Whether it be the cross-section of a skull, the structure of a weed, or a study of muscles, he, with his feeling for line and for light and shade, forever transmuted it into life-communicating values; and all without intention, for most of these magical sketches were dashed off to illustrate purely scientific matter, which alone absorbed his mind at the moment.

And just as his art is life-communicating as is that of scarcely another, so the contemplation of his personality is life-enhancing as that of scarcely any other man. Think that great though he was as a painter, he was no less renowned as a sculptor and architect, musician and improviser, and that all artistic occupations whatsoever were in his career but moments snatched from the pursuit of theoretical and practical knowledge. It would seem as if there were scarcely a field of modern science but he either foresaw it in vision, or clearly anticipated it, scarcely a realm of fruitful speculation of

which he was not a freeman; and as if there were hardly a form of human energy which he did not manifest. And all that he demanded of life was the chance to be useful! Surely, such a man brings us the gladdest of all tidings —the wonderful possibilities of the human family, of whose chances we all partake.

Painting, then, was to Leonardo so little of a preoccupation that we must regard it as merely a mode of expression used at moments by a man of universal genius, who recurred to it only when he had no more absorbing occupation, and only when it could express what nothing else could, the highest spiritual through the highest material significance. And great though his mastery over his craft, his feeling for significance was so much greater that it caused him to linger long over his pictures, labouring to render the significance he felt but which his hand could not reproduce, so that he rarely finished them. We thus have lost in quantity, but have we lost in quality? Could a mere painter, or even a mere artist, have seen and felt as Leonardo? We may well doubt. We are too apt to regard a universal genius as

a number of ordinary brains somehow conjoined in one skull, and not always on the most neighbourly terms. We forget that genius means mental energy, and that a Leonardo, for the self-same reason that prevents his being merely a painter—the fact that it does not exhaust a hundredth part of his energy—will, when he does turn to painting, bring to bear a power of seeing, feeling, and rendering, as utterly above that of the ordinary painter as the "Mona Lisa" is above, let us say, Andrea del Sarto's "Portrait of his Wife." No, let us not join in the reproaches made to Leonardo for having painted so little; because he had much more to do than to paint, he has left all of us heirs to one or two of the supremest works of art ever created.

XII.

Never pretty, scarcely ever charming or even attractive; rarely correct in drawing, and seldom satisfactory in colour; in types, ill-favoured; in feeling acutely intense and even dolorous—what is it then that makes Sandro Botticelli so irresistible that nowadays we may

have no alternative but to worship or abhor him? The secret is this, that in European painting there has never again been an artist so indifferent to representation and so intent upon presentation. Educated in a period of triumphant naturalism, he plunged at first into mere representation with almost self-obliterating earnestness; the pupil of Fra Filippo, he was trained to a love of spiritual *genre;* himself gifted with strong instincts for the significant, he was able to create such a type of the thinker as in his fresco of St. Augustin; yet in his best years he left everything, even spiritual significance, behind him, and abandoned himself to the presentation of those qualities alone which in a picture are *directly* life-communicating, and life-enhancing. Those of us who care for nothing in the work of art but what it represents, are either powerfully attracted or repelled by his unhackneyed types and quivering feeling; but if we are such as have an imagination of touch and of movement that it is easy to stimulate, we feel a pleasure in Botticelli that few, if any, other artists can give us. Long after we have exhausted both the intensest sympathies and

the most violent antipathies with which the representative elements in his pictures may have inspired us, we are only on the verge of fully appreciating his real genius. This in its happiest moments is an unparalleled power of perfectly combining values of touch with values of movement.

Look, for instance, at Botticelli's "Venus Rising from the Sea." Throughout, the tactile imagination is roused to a keen activity, by itself almost as life heightening as music. But the power of music is even surpassed where, as in the goddess' mane-like tresses of hair fluttering to the wind, not in disorderly rout but in masses yielding only after resistance, the movement is directly life-communicating. The entire picture presents us with the quintessence of all that is pleasurable to our imagination of touch and of movement. How we revel in the force and freshness of the wind, in the life of the wave! And such an appeal he always makes. His subject may be fanciful, as in the "Realm of Venus" (the "Spring"); religious, as in the Sixtine Chapel frescoes or in the "Coronation of the Virgin"; political, as in the

recently discovered "Pallas Taming a Centaur"; or even crudely allegorical, as in the Louvre frescoes,—no matter how unpropitious, how abstract the idea, the vivid appeal to our tactile sense, the life-communicating movement is always there. Indeed, at times it seems that the less artistic the theme, the more artistic the fulfilment, the painter being impelled to give the utmost values of touch and movement to just those figures which are liable to be read off as mere empty symbols. Thus, on the figure representing political disorder—the Centaur—in the "Pallas," Botticelli has lavished his most intimate gifts. He constructs the torso and flanks in such a way that every line, every indentation, every boss appeals so vividly to the sense of touch that our fingers feel as if they had everywhere been in contact with his body, while his face gives to a still heightened degree this convincing sense of reality, every line functioning perfectly for the osseous structure of brow, nose, and cheeks. As to the hair—imagine shapes having the supreme life of line you may see in the contours of licking flames, and yet possessed of all the plasticity of something

which caresses the hand that models it to its own desire!

In fact, the mere subject, and even representation in general, was so indifferent to Botticelli, that he appears almost as if haunted by the idea of communicating the *unembodied* values of touch and movement. Now there is a way of rendering even tactile values with almost no body, and that is by translating them as faithfully as may be into values of movement. For instance:—we want to render the roundness of a wrist without the slightest touch of either light or shade; we simply give the movement of the wrist's outline and the movement of the drapery as it falls over it, and the roundness is communicated to us almost entirely in terms of movement. But let us go one step further. Take this line that renders the roundness of the wrist, or a more obvious example, the lines that render the movements of the tossing hair, the fluttering draperies, and the dancing waves in the "Birth of Venus"—take these lines alone with all their power of stimulating our imagination of movement, and what do we have? Pure values of movement

abstracted, unconnected with any representation whatever. This kind of line, then, being the quintessence of movement, has, like the essential elements in all the arts, a power of stimulating our imagination and of directly communicating life. Well! imagine an art made up entirely of these quintessences of movement-values, and you will have something that holds the same relation to representation that music holds to speech—and this art exists, and is called lineal decoration. In this art of arts Sandro Botticelli may have had rivals in Japan and elsewhere in the East, but in Europe never. To its demands he was ready to sacrifice everything that habits acquired under Filippo and Pollaiuolo,—and his employers!—would permit. The representative element was for him a mere *libretto:* he was happiest when his subject lent itself to translation into what may be called a lineal symphony. And to this symphony everything was made to yield; tactile values were translated into values of movement, and, for the same reason—to prevent the drawing of the eye inward, to permit it to devote itself to the

rhythm of the line—the backgrounds were either entirely suppressed or kept as simple as possible. Colour also, with almost a contempt for its representative function, Botticelli entirely subordinated to his lineal scheme, compelling it to draw attention to the line, rather than, as is usual, away from it.

This is the explanation of the value put upon Botticelli's masterpieces. In some of his later works, such as the Dresden *predelle*, we have, it is true, bacchanals rather than symphonies of line, and in many of his earlier paintings, in the "*Fortezza*," for instance, the harness and trappings have so disguised Pegasus that we scarcely know him from a cart horse. But the painter of the "Venus Rising from the Sea," of the "Spring," or of the Villa Lemmi frescoes is the greatest artist of lineal design that Europe has ever had.

XIII.

Leonardo and Botticelli, like Michelangelo after them, found imitators but not successsors. To communicate more material and spiritual significance than Leonardo, would have taken

an artist with deeper feeling for significance; to get more music out of design than Botticelli, would have required a painter with even greater passion for the re-embodiment of the pure essences of touch and movement. There were none such in Florence, and the followers of Botticelli—Leonardo's were all Milanese, and do not here concern us—could but imitate the patterns of their master: the patterns of the face, the patterns of the composition, and the patterns of the line; dragging them down to their own level, sugaring them down to their own palate, slowing them down to their own insensitiveness for what is life-communicating. And although their productions, which were nothing but translations of great man's art into average man's art, became popular, as was inevitable, with the average man of their time, (who comprehended them better and felt more comfortable in their presence than in that of the originals which he respectfully admired but did not so thoroughly enjoy), nevertheless we need not dwell on these popularisers nor on their popularisations—not even on Filippino, with his touch of consumptive delicacy, nor

Raffaelino del Garbo, with his glints of never-to-be-fulfilled promise.

Before approaching the one man of genius left in Florence after Botticelli and Leonardo, before speaking of Michelangelo, the man in whom all that was most peculiar and much that was greatest in the striving of Florentine art found its fulfilment, let us turn for a moment to a few painters who, just because they were men of manifold talent, might elsewhere almost have become masters. Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, Pontormo, and Bronzino were perhaps no less gifted as artists than Palma, Bonifazio Veronese, Lotto, and Tintoretto; but their talents, instead of being permitted to flower naturally, were scorched by the passion for showing off dexterity, blighted by academic ideals, and uprooted by the whirlwind force of Michelangelo.

Fra Bartolommeo, who in temperament was delicate, refined, graceful, and as a painter had a miniaturist's feeling for the dainty, was induced to desert his lovely women, his exquisite landscape, and his gentleness of expression for figures constructed mechanically on a colossal

scale, or for effects of the round at any cost. And as evil is more obvious than good, Bartolommeo, the painter of that masterpiece of colour and light and shade, of graceful movement and charming feeling, the "Madonna with the Baptist and St. Stephen" in the Cathedral at Lucca, Bartolommeo, the dainty deviser of Mr. Mond's tiny "Nativity," Bartolommeo, the artificer of a hundred masterpieces of pen drawing, is almost unknown; and to most people Fra Bartolommeo is a sort of synonym for pomposity. He is known only as the author of physically colossal, spiritually insignificant prophets and apostles, or, perchance, as the painter of pitch-dark altar-pieces: this being the reward of devices to obtain mere relief.

Andrea del Sarto approached perhaps as closely to a Giorgione or a Titian as could a Florentine, ill at ease in the neighbourhood of Leonardo and Michelangelo. As an artist he was, it is true, not endowed with the profoundest sense for the significant, yet within the sphere of common humanity who has produced anything more genial than his "Portrait of a Lady"—probably his wife—with a Petrarch in

her hands? Where out of Venetia can we find portraits so simple, so frank, and yet so interpretive as his "Sculptor," or as his various portraits of himself—these, by the way, an autobiography as complete as any in existence, and tragic as few? Almost Venetian again is his "St. James" caressing children, a work of the sweetest feeling. Even in colour effect, and technique, how singularly close to the best Venetian painting in his "Dispute about the Trinity"—what blacks and whites, what greys and purplish browns! And in addition, tactile values peculiar to Florence—what a back St. Sebastian's! But in a work of scarcely less technical merit, the "Madonna of the Harpys," we already feel the man not striving to get the utmost out of himself, but panting for the grand and magnificent. Even here, he remains almost a great artist, because his natural robustness comes to his rescue; but the "Madonna" is too obviously statuesque, and, good saints, pray why all these draperies?

The obviously statuesque and draperies were Andrea's devices for keeping his head above water in the rising tide of the Michelangelesque.

As you glance in sequence at the Annunziata frescoes, on the whole so full of vivacity, gaiety, and genuine delight in life, you see from one fresco to another the increased attention given to draperies. In the Scalzo series, otherwise masterpieces of tactile values, the draperies do their utmost to smother the figures. Most of these paintings are closed in with ponderous forms which have no other purpose than to serve as a frame, and as clothes-horses for draperies: witness the scene of Zacharias in the temple, wherein none of the bystanders dare move for fear of disturbing their too obviously arranged folds.

Thus by constantly sacrificing first spiritual, and then material significance to pose and draperies, Andrea loses all feeling for the essential in art. What a sad spectacle is his "Assumption," wherein the Apostles, the Virgin herself, have nothing better to do than to show off draperies! Instead of feeling, as in the presence of Titian's "Assunta," wrapped into heaven, you gaze at a number of tailor's men, each showing how a stuff you are thinking of trying looks on the back, or in a certain effect of light.

But let us not end on this note; let us bear in mind that, despite all his faults, Andrea painted the one "Last Supper" which can be looked at with pleasure after Leonardo's.

Pontormo, who had it in him to be a decorator and portrait-painter of the highest rank, was led astray by his awe-struck admiration for Michelangelo, and ended as an academic constructor of monstrous nudes. What he could do when expressing *himself*, we see in the lunette at Poggio a Caiano, as design, as colour, as fancy, the freshest, gayest, most appropriate mural decoration now remaining in Italy; what he could do as a portrait-painter, we see in his wonderfully decorative panel of Cosimo dei Medici at San Marco, or in his portrait of a "Lady with a Dog" (at Frankfort), perhaps the first portrait ever painted in which the sitter's social position was insisted upon as much as the personal character. What Pontormo sank to, we see in such a riot of meaningless nudes, all caricatures of Michelangelo, as his "Martyrdom of Forty Saints."

Bronzino, Pontormo's close follower, had none of his master's talent as a decorator, but

happily much of his power as a portrait-painter. Would he had never attempted anything else! The nude without material or spiritual significance, with no beauty of design or colour, the nude simply because it was the nude, was Bronzino's ideal in composition, and the result is his "Christ in Limbo." But as a portrait-painter, he took up the note struck by his master and continued it, leaving behind him a series of portraits which not only had their effect in determining the character of Court painting all over Europe, but, what is more to the point, a series of portraits most of which are works of art. As painting, it is true, they are hard, and often timid; but their air of distinction, their interpretive qualities, have not often been surpassed. In his Uffizi portraits of Eleanoro di Toledo, of Prince Ferdinand, of the Princess Maria, we seem to see the prototypes of Velasquez' queens, princes, and princesses: and for a fine example of dignified rendering of character, look in the Sala Baroccio of the Uffizi at a bust of a young woman with a missal in her hand.

XIV.

The great Florentine artists, as we have seen, were, with scarcely an exception, bent upon rendering the material significance of visible things. This, little though they may have formulated it, was the conscious aim of most of them; and in proportion as they emancipated themselves from ecclesiastical dominion, and found among their employers men capable of understanding them, their aim became more and more conscious and their striving more energetic. At last appeared the man who was the pupil of nobody, the heir of everybody, who felt profoundly and powerfully what to his precursors had been vague instinct, who saw and expressed the meaning of it all. The seed that produced him had already flowered into a Giotto, and once again into a Masaccio; in him, the last of his race, born in conditions artistically most propitious, all the energies remaining in his stock were concentrated, and in him Florentine art had its logical culmination.

Michelangelo had a sense for the materially significant as great as Giotto's or Masaccio's,

but he possessed means of rendering, inherited from Donatello, Pollaiuolo, Verrocchio and Leonardo,—means that had been undreamt of by Giotto or even by Masaccio. Add to this that he saw clearly what before him had been felt only dimly, that there was no other such instrument for conveying material significance as the human nude. This fact is as closely dependent on the general conditions of realising objects as tactile values are on the psychology of sight. We realise objects when we perfectly translate them into terms of our own states, our own feelings. So obviously true is this, that even the least poetically inclined among us, because we keenly realise the movement of a railway train, to take one example out of millions, speak of it as *going* or *running*, instead of *rolling on its wheels*, thus being no less guilty of anthropomorphising than the most unregenerate savages. Of this same fallacy we are guilty every time we think of anything whatsoever with the least warmth—we are lending this thing some human attributes. The more we endow it with human attributes, the less we merely know it, the more we realise it, the more

does it approach the work of art. Now there is one and only one object in the visible universe which we need not anthropomorphise to realise —and that is man himself. His movements, his actions, are the only things we realise without any myth-making effort—directly. Hence, there is no visible object of such artistic possibilities as the human body ; nothing with which we are so familiar ; nothing, therefore, in which we so rapidly perceive changes ; nothing, then, which if represented so as to be realised more quickly and vividly than in life, will produce its effect with such velocity and power, and so strongly confirm our sense of capacity for living.

Values of touch and movement, we remember, are the specifically artistic qualities in figure painting (at least, as practised by the Florentines), for it is through them chiefly that painting directly heightens life. Now while it remains true that tactile values can, as Giotto and Masaccio have forever established, be admirably rendered on the draped figure, yet drapery is a hindrance, and, at the best, only a way out of a difficulty, for we *feel* it masking the really significant, which is *the form under-*

neath. A mere painter, one who is satisfied to reproduce what everybody sees, and to paint for the fun of painting, will scarcely comprehend this feeling. His only significant is the obvious—in a figure, the face and the clothing, as in most of the portraits manufactured nowadays. The artist, even when compelled to paint draped figures, will force the drapery to render the nude, in other words the material significance of the human body. But how much more clearly will this significance shine out, how much more convincingly will the character manifest itself, when between its perfect rendering and the artist nothing intervenes! And this perfect rendering is to be accomplished with the nude only.

If draperies are a hindrance to the conveyance of tactile values, they make the perfect rendering of movement next to impossible. To realise the play of muscle everywhere, to get the full sense of the various pressures and resistances, to receive the direct inspiration of the energy expended, we must have the nude; for here alone can we watch those tautnesses of muscle and those stretchings and relaxings and

ripplings of skin which, translated into similar strains on our own persons, make us fully realise movement. Here alone the translation, owing to the multitude and the clearness of the appeals made, is instantaneous, and the consequent sense of increased capacity almost as great as can be attained; while in the draped figure we miss all the appeal of visible muscle and skin, and realise movement only after a slow translation of certain functional outlines, so that the sense of capacity which we receive from the perception of movement is increased but slightly.

We are now able to understand why every art whose chief preoccupation is the human figure must have the nude for its chief interest; why, also, the nude is the most absorbing problem of classic art at all times. Not only is it the best vehicle for all that in art which is directly life-confirming and life-enhancing, but it is itself the most significant object in the human world. The first person since the great days of Greek sculpture to comprehend fully the identity of the nude with great figure art, was Michelangelo. Before him, it had been

studied for scientific purposes—as an aid in rendering the draped figure. He saw that it was an end in itself, and the final purpose of his art. For him the nude and art were synonymous. Here lies the secret of his successes and his failures.

First, his successes. Nowhere outside of the best Greek art shall we find, as in Michelangelo's works, forms whose tactile values so increase our sense of capacity, whose movements are so directly communicated and inspiring. Other artists have had quite as much feeling for tactile values alone,—Masaccio, for instance; others still have had at least as much sense of movement and power of rendering it,—Leonardo, for example; but no other artist of modern times, having at all his control over the materially significant, has employed it as Michelangelo did, on the one subject where its full value can be manifested—the nude. Hence of all the achievements of modern art, his are the most invigorating. Surely not often is our imagination of touch roused as by his Adam in the "Creation," by his Eve in the "Temptation," or by his many nudes in the same ceiling

of the Sixtine Chapel,—there for no other purpose, be it noted, than their direct tonic effect! Nor is it less rare to quaff such draughts of unadulterated energy as we receive from the "God Creating Adam," the "Boy Angel" standing by Isaiah, or—to choose one or two instances from his drawings (in their own kind the greatest in existence)—the "Gods Shooting at a Mark" or the "Hercules and the Lion."

And to this feeling for the materially significant and all this power of conveying it, to all this more narrowly artistic capacity, Michelangelo joined an ideal of beauty and force, a vision of a glorious but possible humanity, which, again, has never had its like in modern times. Manliness, robustness, effectiveness, the fulfilment of our dream of a great soul inhabiting a beautiful body, we shall encounter nowhere else so frequently as among the figures in the Sixtine Chapel. Michelangelo completed what Masaccio had begun, the creation of the type of man best fitted to subdue and control the earth, and, who knows! perhaps more than the earth.

But unfortunately, though born and nurtured

in a world where his feeling for the nude and his ideal of humanity could be appreciated, he passed most of his life in the midst of tragic disasters, and while yet in the fulness of his vigour, in the midst of his most creative years, he found himself alone, perhaps the greatest, but alas! also the last of the giants born so plentifully during the fifteenth century. He lived on in a world he could not but despise, in a world which really could no more employ him than it could understand him. He was not allowed, therefore, to busy himself where he felt most drawn by his genius, and, much against his own strongest impulses, he was obliged to expend his energy upon such subjects as the "Last Judgment." His later works all show signs of the altered conditions, first in an overflow into the figures he was creating of the scorn and bitterness he was feeling, then in the lack of harmony between his genius and what he was compelled to execute. His passion was the nude, his ideal power. But what outlet for such a passion, what expression for such an ideal could there be in subjects like the "Last Judgment," or the "Crucifixion of

Peter"—subjects which the Christian world imperatively demanded should incarnate the fear of the humble and the self-sacrifice of the patient? Now humility and patience were feelings as unknown to Michelangelo as to Dante before him, or, for that matter, to any other of the world's creative geniuses at any time. Even had he felt them, he had no means of expressing them, for his nudes could convey a sense of power, not of weakness; of terror, not of dread; of despair, but not of submission. And terror the giant nudes of the "Last Judgment" do feel, but it is not terror of the Judge, who, being in no wise different from the others, in spite of his omnipotent gesture, seems to be *announcing* rather than *willing* what the bystanders, his fellows, could not *unwill*. As the representation of the moment before the universe disappears in chaos—Gods huddling together for the *Götterdämmerung*—the "Last Judgment" is as grandly conceived as possible: but when the crash comes, none will survive it, no, not even God. Michelangelo therefore failed in his conception of the subject, and could not but fail. But where

else in the whole world of art shall we receive such blasts of energy as from this giant's dream, or, if you will, nightmare? For kindred reasons, the "Crucifixion of Peter" is a failure. Art can be only life-communicating and life-enhancing. If it treats of pain and death, these must always appear as manifestations and as results only of living resolutely and energetically. What chance is there, I ask, for this, artistically the only possible treatment, in the representation of a man crucified with his head downwards? Michelangelo could do nothing but make the bystanders, the executioners, all the more life-communicating, and therefore inevitably more sympathetic! No wonder he failed here! What a tragedy, by the way, that the one subject perfectly cut out for his genius, the one subject which required none but genuinely artistic treatment, his "Bathers," executed forty years before these last works, has disappeared, leaving but scant traces! Yet even these suffice to enable the competent student to recognise that this composition must have been the greatest masterpiece in figure art of modern times.

That Michelangelo had faults of his own is undeniable. As he got older, and his genius, lacking its proper outlets, tended to stagnate and thicken, he fell into exaggerations—exaggerations of power into brutality, of tactile values into feats of modelling. No doubt he was also at times as indifferent to representation as Botticelli! But while there is such a thing as movement, there is no such thing as tactile values without representation. Yet he seems to have dreamt of presenting nothing but tactile values: hence his many drawings with only the torso adequately treated, the rest unheeded. Still another result from his passion for tactile values. I have already suggested that Giotto's types were so massive because such figures most easily convey values of touch. Michelangelo tended to similar exaggerations, to making shoulders, for instance, too broad and too bossy, simply because they make thus a more powerful appeal to the tactile imagination. Indeed, I venture to go even farther, and suggest that his faults in all the arts, sculpture no less than painting, and architecture no less than sculpture, are due to this

self-same predilection for salient projections. But the lover of the figure arts for what in them is genuinely artistic and not merely ethical, will in Michelangelo, even at his worst, get such pleasures as, excepting a few, others, even at their best, rarely give him.

In closing, let us note what results clearly even from this brief account of the Florentine school, namely that, although no Florentine merely took up and continued a predecessor's work, nevertheless all, from first to last, fought for the same cause. There is no opposition between Giotto and Michelangelo. The best energies of the first, of the last, and of all the intervening great Florentine artists were persistently devoted to the rendering of tactile values, or of movement, or of both. Now successful grappling with problems of form and of movement are at the bottom of all the higher arts; and because of this fact, Florentine painting, despite its many faults, is, after Greek sculpture, the most serious figure art in existence.

INDEX TO THE WORKS OF THE PRINCIPAL FLORENTINE PAINTERS.

NOTE.

The following lists make no claim to absolute completeness, but no genuine work by the painters mentioned, found in the better known public or private collections, has been omitted. With the exception of three or four pictures, which he knows only in the photographs, the author has seen and carefully studied every picture indicated, and is alone responsible for the attributions, although he is happy to acknowledge his indebtedness to the writings of Signor Cavalcaselle, of the late Giovanni Morelli, of Signor Gustavo Frizzoni, and of Dr. J. P. Richter. For the convenience of students, lists of the sculptures, but the more important only, have been appended to the lists of pictures by those artists who have left sculptures as well as paintings.

Public galleries are mentioned first, then private collections, and churches last. The principal public gallery is always understood after the simple mention of a city or town. Thus, Paris means Paris, Louvre, London means London, National Gallery, etc.

An interrogation point after the title of a picture indicates that its attribution to the given painter is doubtful. Distinctly early or late works are marked E. or L.

It need scarcely be said that the attributions here given are not based on official catalogues, and are often at variance with them.

MARIOTTO ALBERTINELLI.

1474–1515. Pupil of Cosimo Rosselli and Pier di Cosimo; influenced by Lorenzo di Credi. Worked in partnership with Fra Bartolommeo.

Bergamo. LOCHIS, 203. Crucifixion.
MORELLI, 32. St. John and the Magdalen.

Florence. ACADEMY, 63. Trinity.
167. Madonna and four Saints.
206. Annunciation, 1510.
PITTI, 365. Holy Family.
UFFIZI, 1259. Visitation and Predella, 1503.
CORSINI, 160. Holy Family, 1511.
GALLERY OF SANTA MARIA NUOVA, 72. Annunciation.
CERTOSA (near Florence), Crucifixion, 1506.

Geneva. Annunciation (with Fra Bartolommeo), 1511.

Milan. POLDI-PEZZOLI, 139. Triptych, 1500.

Munich. 1057. Annunciation and two Saints.

Paris. 1114. Madonna and Saints (begun by Filippino), 1506.

Pisa. S. CATERINA, Madonna and Saints (cartoon by Fra Bartolommeo), 1512.

Rome. BORGHESE, 310. Madonna and Infant John (cartoon by Fra Bartolommeo), 1512.
421. Head of Christ.

Siena. SALA XI, 115. St. Catherine, 1512.
116. The Magdalen, 1512.

Stuttgart. 242, 243, 244. Coronation and two *putti*.

Venice. SEMINARIO, 18. Madonna.

Volterra. DUOMO, Annunciation. E.

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

1486–1531. Pupil of Pier di Cosimo; influenced by Fra Bartolommeo and Michelangelo.

Berlin. 240. Bust of his Wife.
246. Madonna and Saints, 1528.

Dresden. 76. Marriage of St. Catherine.
77. Sacrifice of Isaac.

Florence. ACADEMY, 61. Two Angels.
75. Dead Christ (fresco).
76. Four Saints, 1528.
77. Predelle to above.
PITTI, 58. Deposition, 1524.
66. Portrait of Himself.
81. Holy Family.
87, 88. Life of Joseph.
124. Annunciation.
172. Dispute over the Trinity.
184. Portrait of Himself.
191. Assumption, 1531.
225. Assumption, 1526.
272. The Baptist.
UFFIZI, 93. "Noli me Tangere." E.
188. Portrait of his Wife.
280. Portrait of Himself (fresco).
1112. Madonna dell' Arpie, 1517.
1176. Portrait of Himself.
1230. Portrait of Lady.
1254. St. James.
CHIOSTRO DELLO SCALZO. Frescoes from the Life of the Baptist and four Allegorical Figures, begun 1515, interrupted and taken up again 1522, finished 1526.
SS. ANNUNZIATA, ENTRANCE COURT, frescoes; five, with the story of S. Filippo Benizzi, 1509–1510. Adoration of Magi, 1511. Birth of Virgin, 1514.
CHAPEL TO L. OF ENTRANCE, Head of Christ.
INNER CLOISTER, Madonna del Sacco, 1525.
S. SALVI, Last Supper (fresco), begun in 1519.

London. 696. Portrait of a Sculptor.

Madrid. 387. Sacrifice of Isaac.
Munich. 1066. Holy Family.
Paris. 1514. Charity, 1518.
1515. Holy Family.
Pisa. DUOMO, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, St. Agnes.
Poggio a Caiano. Cæsar Receiving Tribute (fresco) 1521. (Finished by Al. Allori.)
Vienna. 411. Pietà.

FRA ANGELICO DA FIESOLE.

1387–1455. Influenced by Lorenzo Monaco, and Masaccio.

Berlin. 60. Madonna and Saints.
60[A]. Last Judgment. L.
61. SS. Dominic and Francis.
62. Glory of St. Francis.
Cortona. S. DOMENICO, Triptych with Predella. E.
JESÙ, Annunciation. E.
Two Predelle. E.
Florence. ACADEMY, 166. Deposition (three pinnacles by Lorenzo Monaco).
227. Madonna and six Saints.
234–237. Fifteen panels with the Life of Christ.
243. Story of SS. Cosmas and Damian.
246. Entombment.
250. Crucifixion.
251. Coronation.
252–254. Seventeen panels with the Life of Christ.
257, 258. Story of SS. Cosmas and Damian.
265. Madonna and four Saints.
266. Last Judgment.
281. Madonna and eight Saints.
283. Pietà and Saints (predella).

Florence. (*Con.*). UFFIZI, 17. Madonna, with Angels and Saints in frame, 1433.

1162. Birth of St. John (predella to No. 1290).

1178. Sposalizio (predella to No. 1290).

1290. Coronation.

1294. Triptych.

MUSEO S. MARCO, CLOISTER, Frescoes, St. Peter Martyr. St. Dominic at Foot of Cross. St. Dominic (ruined). Pietà. Christ as Pilgrim with two Dominicans. St. Thomas Aquinas.

CHAPTER HOUSE, Large Crucifixion.

UPPER FLOOR, WALL, Annunciation. Dominic at foot of Cross. Madonna and eight Saints.

ROOMS: 1. "Noli me Tangere."

2. Entombment.

3. Annunciation.

4. Crucifixion.

5. Nativity.

6. Transfiguration.

7. Ecce Homo.

8. Resurrection.

9. Coronation.

10. Presentation in Temple.

11. Madonna and Saints.

15–23, Crucifixions (some ruined).

24. Baptism.

25. Crucifixion.

26. Pietà.

28. Christ bearing Cross.

31. Descent to Limbo.

32. Sermon on the Mount.

33. Betrayal of Judas. Also small Madonna and Angels (panel).

34. Agony in Garden.

35. Institution of Eucharist.

Florence (*Con.*). 36. Nailing to Cross.
ROOMS: 37. Crucifixion.
38. Adoration of Magi and Pietà.
42, 43. Crucifixion.
S. DOMENICO (near Florence), Madonna and Saints (architecture and landscape by L. di Credi).
SACRISTY OF ADJOINING MONASTERY, Crucifixion (fresco).

London. 663. Paradise.

Madrid. 14. Annunciation.

Munich. 989–991. Legends of Saints.
982. Entombment.

Orvieto. DUOMO, CHAPEL OF S. BIAGIO, Ceiling frescoes, 1447 (assisted by Benozzo Gossoli).

Oxford. TAYLORIAN, 5. Triptych.

Paris. 1290. Coronation.
1293. Martyrdom of Cosmas and Damian.
1294. Crucifixion (fresco).

Parma. SALA III, 25. Madonna and four Saints.

Perugia. SALA, V, 1–8. Altar-piece in many parts.

Pisa. SALA VI, 7. Salvator Mundi.

Rome. CORSINI, SALA VII, 22. Pentecost.
23. Last Judgment.
24. Resurrection.
VATICAN. GALLERY. Madonna. Two Predelle.
CHAPEL OF NICHOLAS V. Frescoes from Life of Stephen. L.

Turin. 94, 96. Adoring Angels.

BACCHIACCA (Francesco Ubertini).

About 1494–1557. Pupil of Perugino and Franciabigio; influenced by Andrea del Sarto and Michelangelo.

Bergamo. MORELLI, 62. Death of Abel.

Berlin. 267. Baptism.
Dresden. 80. Legendary Subject, 1523.
Florence. PITTI, 102. The Magdalen.
UFFIZI, 87. Descent from Cross.
1296. Life of St. Ascasius (predella).
BARDINI COLLECTION, Moses striking the Rock.
CORSINI, 164. Madonna, Infant John, and Sleeping Child.
206. Portrait of Man, 1540.
London. 1218, 1219. Story of Joseph.
1304. Marcus Curtius.
MR. CHARLES BUTLER, Portrait of Youth.
Milan. DR. G. FRIZZONI, Adam and Eve.
Oxford. CHRIST CHURCH, 55. "Noli me Tangere."
57. Resurrection of Lazarus.
Richmond. SIR FRANCIS COOK, Holy Family.
Rome. BORGHESE, 425, 426, 427, 440, 442, 463. Life of Joseph.
Venice. SEMINARIO, 23. Madonna.
PRINCE GIOVANELLI, Moses striking the Rock.
Wiesbaden. Madonna and Infant John.

ALESSIO BALDOVINETTI.

1427–1499. Pupil of Domenico Veneziano; influenced by Paolo Uccello.

Bergamo. MORELLI, 23. Portrait of Himself (fresco).
Florence. ACADEMY, 159. Trinity, 1472.
UFFIZI, 56. Annunciation.
60. Madonna and Saints.
SS. ANNUNZIATA, ENTRANCE COURT, Nativity (fresco), 1462.
S. MINIATO, PORTUGHESE CHAPEL, Annunciation, Prophets (fresco).
S. PANCRAZIO, Resurrected Christ (fresco).

Florence (*Con.*). S. Trinità, Choir, Ceiling Frescoes: Noah, Moses, Abraham, David; Lunette: Sacrifice of Isaac, finished 1497.

Paris. Mme. Edouard André, Madonna.

FRA BARTOLOMMEO (Baccio della Porta).

1475–1517. Pupil of Pier di Cosimo; influenced by Leonardo and Michelangelo.

Berlin. 249. Assumption (upper part by Albertinelli).

Besançon. Cathedral, Madonna in glory, and Saints.

Florence. Academy, 58 St. Vincent Ferrer.
97. Vision of St. Bernard, 1506.
168. Heads in fresco (excepting the St. John).
171. Madonna (fresco).
172. Portrait of Savonarola.
173. Madonna (fresco).
Pitti, 64. Deposition.
125. St. Mark, 1514.
159. Christ and the Four Evangelists, 1516.
208. Madonna and Saints, 1512.
256. Holy Family.
377. Ecce Homo (fresco).
Uffizi, 1126. Isaiah.
1130. Job.
1161. Small Diptych. E.
Museo S. Marco, Refectory, Crucifixion (fresco).
Savonarola's Cell, Madonna; Christ at Emmaus (frescoes).
Gallery of S. Maria Nuova, Last Judgment, begun 1499 (finished by Albertinelli).
S. Marco, 2 Altar R., Madonna and Saints, 1509.

London. Mr. Ludwig Mond, Holy Family. Small Nativity.

London (*Con.*). LORD NORTHBROOK, Holy Family (finished by Albertinelli).

Lucca. SALA II, 5. Madonna della Misericordia, 1515.
12. God adored by two Saints, 1509.
DUOMO, Madonna and Saints, 1509.

Milan. MARCHESE VISCONTI-VENOSTA, Holy Family.

Naples. SALA GRANDE, 61. Assumption.

Panshanger. Holy Family. Small Burial and Ascension of S. Antonino.

Paris. 1115. "Noli me Tangere." E.
1153. Annunciation, 1515.
1154. Madonna and Saints, 1511.

Pian di Mugnone. S. MADDALENA, Annunciation (fresco), 1515. "Noli me Tangere" (fresco), 1517.

Richmond. SIR FRANCIS COOK, Madonna, St. Elizabeth, and Children, 1516.

Rome. CORSINI, SALA III, 26. Holy Family, 1516.
QUIRINAL, SS. Peter and Paul.

Vienna. 28. Circumcision, 1516.

BENOZZO GOZZOLI.

1420–1498. Pupil possibly of Giuliano Pesello, and of the Bicci; assistant and follower of Fra Angelico.

Berlin. 60B. Madonna, Saints, and Angels.

Cologne. 774. Madonna and Saints, 1473.

Florence. UFFIZI, 1302. Pietà and Saints (predella).
PALAZZO RICCARDI, Procession of Magi and Angels (frescoes), 1459.
PALAZZO ALESSANDRI, Four predelle: Miracle of S. Zanobi, Totila before St. Benedict; Fall of Simon Magus; Conversion of Paul. E.

S. Gemigniano. S. Agostino, Choir, Life of St. Augustin, 1465.
2 Altar L., St. Sebastian.
S. Andrea, Madonna, 1466.
Duomo, Choir, Madonna and Saints, 1466.
Entrance Wall, St. Sebastian and other frescoes, 1465.
S. Lucia, Crucifixion (fresco).
Monte Oliveto, Crucifixion, 1466.
London. 283. Madonna, Saints, and Angels, 1461.
Montefalco. S. Fortunato, over Entrance, Madonna, Saints, and Angels (fresco).
R. Wall, Madonna and Angel (fresco), 1450.
S. Francesco, Choir, frescoes: Scenes from the Life of St. Francis.
Entrance Chapel R., frescoes, 1452.
Paris. 1319. Triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas.
Perugia. Sala V, 34. Madonna and Saints, 1461.
Pisa. Sala VI, 23. Madonna, Saints, and Angels.
24. Madonna and St. Anna.
Campo Santo, Series of frescoes from Old Testament, 1469–1481.
Rome. Lateran, 60. Polyptych. E.
Vienna. 251. Madonna and Saints (predella).

BOTTICELLI (Alessandro Filipepi.)

1446–1510. Pupil of Fra Filippo; influenced early by the Pollaiuoli, later by Leonardo.

Bergamo. Morelli, 83. Portrait of Giuliano dei Medici.
84. Story of Virginia. L.
85. Head of Christ.
Berlin. 106. Madonna and Saints.
1128. St. Sebastian, 1473.

Boston, U. S. A. Mrs. J. L. Gardner, Death of Lucretia. L.

Dresden. 12. Scenes from Life of S. Zanobi. L.

Florence. Academy, 73. Coronation.
74. Predella to above.
80. "Primavera."
85. Madonna, Saints, and Angels.
157. Dead Christ.
158. Death of St. Augustin.
161. Salome.
162. Vision of St. Augustin.
Uffizi, 39. Birth of Venus.
1154. Portrait of (?) Piero dei Medici (Il Gottoso).
1156. Judith. E.
1158. Holophernes. E.
1179. St. Augustin.
1182. Calumny. L.
1269 bis. Magnificat.
1286. Adoration of Magi.
1289. Madonna and Angels ("of the Pomegranate").
1299. "Fortezza." E.
Corsini, 210. Portrait of Man with Ring.
Palazzo Pitti, Pallas subduing a Centaur.
Palazzo Capponi (Marchese Farinola), Communion of St. Jerome.
Ognissanti, St. Augustin (fresco).

London. 592. Adoration of Magi. E.
626. Portrait of Young Man.
915. Mars and Venus.
1033. Adoration of Magi. E.
1034. Nativity, 1500.
Mr. J. P. Heseltine, Madonna and Infant John (in part).
Mr. Ludwig Mond, Scenes from Life of S. Zanobi (2 panels). L.

Milan. AMBROSIANA, 145. Madonna and Angels.
POLDI-PEZZOLI, 17. Madonna.

Paris. 72. Lorenzo Tornabuoni introduced into the Circle of the Sciences (fresco).
73. Giovanna Tornabuoni with Venus and the Graces (fresco).

Rome. VATICAN, SIXTINE CHAPEL, Frescoes: Moses and the Daughters of Jethro; Destruction of Children of Korah; Christ Tempted on Roof of Temple; single figures of Popes. 1482.

St. Petersburg. 163. Adoration of Magi.

BRONZINO (Angelo Allori).

1502 (?)–1572. Pupil of Pontormo; influenced by Michelangelo.

Bergamo. MORELLI, 65. Portrait of Alessandro dei Medici.

Berlin. 337. Portrait of Cosimo I.
338. Portrait of Young Man.
338[A]. Portrait of Ugolino Martelli.
338[B]. Portrait of Eleonora da Toledo.

Buda Pesth. Nativity.
Venus and Cupid.

Florence. PITTI, 39. Holy Family.
403. Portrait of Duke Cosimo I.
UFFIZI, 154. Lucrezia Panciatichi.
158. Descent from Cross. 1545.
159. Bartolommeo Panciatichi.
172. Eleonora di Toledo and Don Garzia.
198. Portrait of Young Woman.
1155. Don Garzia.
1164. Maria dei Medici.
1166. Man in Armour.
1209. Dead Christ.

Florence (*Con.*). 1211. Allegory of Happiness.
1266. Portrait of Sculptor.
1271. Christ in Limbo. 1552.
1272. Don Ferdinand.
1273. Maria dei Medici.
MINIATURES:
848. Don Garzia.
852. Don Ferdinand.
853. Maria dei Medici.
854. Francesco dei Medici.
855. Duke Cosimo.
857. Alessandro dei Medici.
MAGAZINE, Annunciation.
PALAZZO VECCHIO, CHAPEL OF ELEONORA DI TOLEDO, Frescoes. 1564.
S. LORENZO, Martyrdom of St. Lawrence (fresco).

Hague. 3. Portrait of Lady.

London. 649. Portrait of Boy.
651. Allegory.
1323. Pier dei Medici.

Lucca. Portrait of Don Ferdinand.
Portrait of Don Garzia.

Oxford. TAYLORIAN, 30. Portrait of Don Garzia.

Paris. 1183. "Noli me Tangere."
1184. Portrait of Sculptor.
PRINCESSE SAGAN, Two portraits, Man and Woman.

Pisa. S. STEFANO, Nativity. 1564.

Rome. BORGHESE, 444. St. John.
COLONNA, Venus.
Madonna, St. Anne, and Infant John.
DORIA, Portrait of Giannottino Doria.

Turin. 127. Portrait of Lady.

Vienna. 96. Holy Family.

BUGIARDINI.

1475–1554. Pupil of Ghirlandaio and Pier di Cosimo; influenced by Albertinelli, Perugino, and Michelangelo.

Berlin. 142, 149. Cassone panels, Story of Tobias.
283. Madonna and Saints.
MUSEUM OF INDUSTRIAL ART, Cassone, Story of St. Felicitas.
PALACE OF EMPEROR WILLIAM I., Cassone, Story of Tobias.

Bologna. St. John in Desert.
Madonna enthroned, with SS. Catherine, Antony of Padua, and Infant John.
Madonna (tondo).

Dijon. 1. Madonna and Infant John.

Florence. PITTI, 140. Portrait of a Lady.
UFFIZI, 213. Madonna.
BARDINI COLLECTION, Portrait of a Woman.
S. MARIA NOVELLA, Martyrdom of St. Catherine.

London. 809, Madonna, Infant John, and Angels.

Milan. S. MARIA DELLE GRAZIE, The Baptist.

Modena. 334. Madonna and Infant John.

Oldenburg. 28. St. Sebastian.

Paris. 1644. Portrait of Young Man.

Rome. BORGHESE, 443. Madonna and Infant John.
COLONNA, Madonna.

Turin. 106. Madonna and Infant John.
MUSEO CIVICO, Madonna and Infant John.

Vienna. 101. Rape of Dina, 1531.

ANDREA DEL CASTAGNO.

1396(?)–1457. Influenced by Donatello and Paolo Uccello.

Florence. S. APOLLONIA, Frescoes: Last Supper, Crucifixion, Entombment, Resurrection. 9 Figures:

Florence (*Con.*). Boccaccio, Petrarch, Dante, Queen Thomyris, Cumean Sibyl, Niccolo Acciaiuoli, Farinata degli Uberti, Filippo Scolari ("Pippo Spano"), Esther.
PALAZZO TORRIGIANI, Portrait of Man.
DUOMO, WALL R. OF ENTRANCE, Equestrian Portrait of Niccolo da Tolentino, 1456.
S. MARIA NUOVA, Crucifixion (fresco).

LORENZO DI CREDI.

1459–1537. Pupil of Verrocchio.

Bergamo. MORELLI, 49. Madonna.
Berlin. 80. Bust of Young Woman. E.
100. Madonna.
103. St. Mary of Egypt.
Carlsruhe. 409. Madonna and Infant John adoring Child.
Dresden. 15. Madonna and Saints.
Florence. ACADEMY, 92. Adoration of Shepherds.
94. Nativity.
UFFIZI, 24. Madonna.
34. Portrait of Young Man.
1160. Annunciation. E.
1311. "Noli me Tangere."
1313. "Noli me Tangere."
1314. Annunciation.
No number. Venus.
DUOMO, SACRISTY, St. Michael.
S. DOMENICO (near Fiesole) 1ST ALTAR R., Baptism.
MARCHESE PUCCI, Portrait of Lady.
Forlì. 99. Portrait of Lady (?)
London. 593. Madonna.
643. Madonna adoring Child.
MR. CHARLES BUTLER, Madonna.

Mayence. 105. Madonna. E.
Milan. Casa Casatti, Madonna and Infant John.
Naples. Sala Toscana, 27. Nativity.
Oxford. Taylorian, 26. Madonna.
Palermo. Madonna dell' Olivella, Madonna.
Paris. 1263. Madonna and two Saints.
1264. "Noli me Tangere."
Pistoia. Duomo, Madonna and Saints. E.
Rome. Borghese, 433. Madonna and Infant John.
Strasburg. Madonna. E.
Turin. 356. Madonna. E.
Venice. Querini-Stampalia, Sala III, 4. Madonna and Infant John.

FRANCIABIGIO.

1482–1525. Pupil of Albertinelli and Pier di Cosimo ; influenced by Andrea del Sarto.

Berlin. 235. Portrait of Man.
245. Portrait of Youth, 1522.
245A. Bust of Man.
Bologna. 294. Madonna.
Dresden. 75. Bathsheba, 1523.
Florence. Academy, 96. Madonna and Saints. E.
Pitti, 43. Portrait of Man, 1514.
427. Calumny. E.
Uffizi, 92. Madonna and Infant John.
1223. Temple of Hercules.
1224. Holy Family and Infant John.
1264. Madonna with Job and Baptist. E.
Chiostro dello Scalzo, Frescoes : Baptist leaving his Parents, 1518.
Meeting of Christ and Baptist.
SS. Annunziata, Entrance Court R., Sposalizio (fresco), 1513.

Florence (*Con.*). La Calza, Last Supper (fresco).
Caserma di RR. Carabinieri. Last Supper and other frescoes.
Hamburg. Consul Weber, 106. Bust of Young Man.
London. 1035. Portrait of Young Man.
Mr. Robert Benson, Apollo and Daphne.
Naples. Sala Grande, 21. Portrait of Card. Bibbiena (?).
Nimes. 132, 269, 270. Small *tondi*.
Poggio a Caiano. Triumph of Cicero (fresco.)
Rome. Borghese, 177. Marriage of St. Catherine.
336. Madonna and Infant John.
Venus.
Corsini, Sala III, 9. Madonna, 1509.
15. Madonna.
Turin. 121. Annunciation.
Vienna. 413. Holy Family.
Wiesbaden. 118. Cassone picture.
Windsor. Portrait of Man.

RAFFAELINO DEL GARBO.

1466–1524. Pupil of Botticelli and Filippino; influenced by Ghirlandaio and Perugino.

Berlin. 78. Bust of Man.
81. Profile of Young Woman.
90. Madonna and Angels.
Florence. Academy, 90. Resurrection.
London. Mr. Robert Benson. Madonna and Angels.
Lyons. 51. Bust of Young Man. (?)
Munich. 1009. Pietà.
Naples. Scuola Romana, 15. Madonna and Infant John.
Parma. 56. Madonna giving Girdle to St. Thomas.
Venice. Lady Layard, Portrait of Lorenzo dei Medici.

DOMENICO GHIRLANDAIO.

1449–1494. Pupil of Alessio Baldovinetti.

Florence. Academy, 66. Madonna and Saints.
67. Predella to above.
195. Adoration of Shepherds, 1485.
256. Annunciation (predella).
Uffizi, 1163. Portrait of Perugino.
1295. Adoration of Magi, 1487.
1297. Madonna, Saints, and Angels.
Palazzo Vecchio, Flag Room, Triumph of S. Zanobi; Roman Warriors (frescoes), begun 1481, finished 1485.
Museo S. Marco, Small Refectory, Last Supper (fresco).
Innocenti, Altar-piece, Adoration of Magi, 1488.
S. Maria Novella, Choir, Frescoes: Lives of Virgin and the Baptist; The four Evangelists. Begun 1486, finished 1490.
Ognissanti, St. Augustin (fresco), 1480.
Refectory, Last Supper (fresco), 1480.
S. Trinità, Chapel R. of Choir, Frescoes: Life of St. Francis, 1485.

S. Gemigniano. Duomo, Chapel of Santa Fina, Frescoes: Life of the Saints, 1482.
Chapel of S. Giovanni, Annunciation (fresco), 1482.

London. 1299. Portrait of Youth (repainted).
Portrait of Woman (lent by Mr. Willett).
Mr. Robert Benson, Francesco Sassetti and his Son.
Mr. George Salting, Madonna and Infant John.

Lucca. Duomo, Sacristry, Madonna and Saints; Lunette and Predella.

Narni. Municipio, Coronation.

Paris. 1321. Visitation (in part).
1322. Old Man and Boy.

Pisa. Sala VI, 21. SS. Sebastian and Roch.
S. Anna, Madonna and Saints.

Rimini. Three Saints. Top with God the Father. Predella.

Rome. Vatican, Sixtine Chapel., Calling of Peter and Andrew (fresco), 1482.

Volterra. Municipio, Christ in Glory adored by two Saints.

RIDOLFO GHIRLANDAIO.

1483–1561. Pupil of Granacci, and eclectic imitator of most of his important contemporaries.

Berlin. 91. Nativity.

Buda Pesth. Nativity, 1510.

Florence. Academy, 83, 87. Panels with three Angels each. E.
Pitti, 207. Portrait of a Goldsmith.
224. Portrait of a Lady, 1509.
Uffizi, 1275, 1277. Miracles of S. Zanobi, 1510.
Palazzo Vecchio, Chapel of St. Bernard, Frescoes, 1514.
Bigallo, Predelle, 1515.
Corsini, 149. Portrait of Man.
Palazzo Torrigiani, Portrait of Old Man.
Portrait of Ardinghelli.
S. Maria degli Angioli, Last Supper, 1543.
La Quiete, Marriage of St. Catherine.
St. Sebastian.

London. 1143. Procession to Calvary. E.

Lucca. S. Frediano, Wall L. of Entrance, Visitation (fresco).

Paris. 1324. Coronation, 1504.
Pistoia. S. PIETRO MAGGIORE, Madonna and Saints.
Prato. DUOMO, Madonna giving Girdle to St. Thomas, 1514.
Reigate. THE PRIORY, Portrait of Old Man.
St. Petersburg. Nativity.

GIOTTO.

1276–1336. Formed under the influence of Giovanni Pisano.

Assisi. LOWER CHURCH, OVER TOMB OF ST. FRANCIS, Four Allegorical Frescoes. E.
R. TRANSEPT, Lives of Christ and Virgin (in part). E.
CHAPEL OF ST. MARY OF EGYPT, Frescoes (?). E.
Bologna. Polyptych.
Brighton. MR. HENRY WILLETT, Presentation in Temple. E.
Florence. ACADEMY, 103. Madonna Enthroned and Angels.
S. CROCE, BARDI CHAPEL, Frescoes: Life of St. Francis.
PERUZZI CHAPEL, Frescoes: Lives of the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist.
Munich. 979. Small Panel: Madonna; Washing of Feet; Last Judgment. E.
980. Small Panel: Crucifixion; Flagellation; Christ Bearing Cross; St. Francis Receiving Stigmata. E.
981. Crucifixion (in part).
983, Last Supper.
Padua. ARENA CHAPEL, Frescoes: Lives of Christ and Virgin; Last Judgment; Symbolical Figures.
Paris. 1312. St. Francis receiving Stigmata. Predella.

Rome. St. John Lateran, Pillar R. Aisle, Boniface VIII. Proclaiming the Jubilee (fresco), 1300.
Vatican, Sagrestia dei Canonici, Stefaneschi Polyptych. E.

FRANCESCO GRANACCI.

1469–1543. Pupil of Ghirlandaio ; influenced by Fra Bartolommeo and Pontonno.

Berlin. 88. Madonna and Four Saints (in part).
97. Madonna with Baptist and Archangel Michael. E.
229. Trinity.

Florence. Academy, 68. Assumption.
285–290. Stories of Saints. L.
Pitti, 345. Holy Family.
Uffizi, 1249, 1282. Life of Joseph. L.
1280. Madonna giving Girdle to St. Thomas.

London. Lord Ashburnham, Two Panels with Life of the Baptist. E.

Munich. 1035. Holy Family.
1061–1064. Panels with Saint in each. L.

Oxford. Christ Church, St. Francis.
Taylorian, 23. St. Antony of Padua and an Angel.

Panshanger. Portrait of Lady.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

1452–1519. Pupil of Verrocchio.

Florence. Uffizi, 1252. Adoration of Magi (unfinished), begun in 1478.

London. Burlington House, Diploma Gallery, Cartoon for a Madonna with St. Anna.

Milan. S. MARIA DELLA GRAZIE, Last Supper (fresco).
Paris. 1265. Annunciation. E.
1598. Madonna, Child and St. Anna (in part).
1599. " La Vierge aux Rochers."
1601. " La Gioconda."
Rome. VATICAN, St. Jerome (unfinished).
DONNA LAURA MINGHETTI, Profile of Girl (not quite finished). E.

SCULPTURE.

Lille. Bust of a Girl (wax) (?)

Note: An adequate conception of Leonardo as an artist can only be obtained by an acquaintance with his drawings, many of the best of which are reproduced in Dr. J. P. Richter's " Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci."

FILIPPINO LIPPI.

1457–1504. Pupil of Botticelli.

Berlin. 78A. Allegory of Music. L.
96. Crucifixion. L.
101. Madonna.
Bologna. S. DOMENICO, Marriage of St. Catherine, 1501.
Florence. ACADEMY, 89. St. Mary of Egypt.
93. The Baptist.
98. Deposition (finished by Perugino).
PITTI, 336. Allegorical Subject.
UFFIZI, 286. Portrait of Self (fresco).
1167. Old Man (fresco).
1257. Adoration of Magi, 1496.
1268. Madonna and Saints, 1485.
PALAZZO TORRIGIANI, Bust of Youth.
BADIA, Vision of St. Bernard, 1480.

Florence (*Con.*). CARMINE, BRANCACCI CHAPEL, Completion of Masaccio's frescoes, 1484: Angel Delivering Peter; Paul Visiting Peter; Peter and Paul before the Proconsul; Martyrdom of Peter; in the Raising of the King's Son, the group L., the boy, and eight men in a row.

S. MARIA NOVELLA, STROZZI CHAPEL, Frescoes, finished 1502: Episodes from Lives of St. John the Evangelist and St. Philip.

SANTO SPIRITO, Madonna and Saints with Tanai di Nerli and his wife.

Genoa. S. TEODORO, Madonna and Saints, 1503.

London. 293. Madonna with SS. Jerome and Dominic.

927. Angel Adoring.

LORD ASHBURNHAM, Two small panels with two Bishops each.

Lucca. S. MICHELE, SS. Helena, Jerome, Sebastian, and Roch.

Oxford. CHRIST CHURCH, Centaur.

Paris. 1663. Portrait of Young Man.

Prato. 16. Madonna with the Baptist and St. Stephen.

FRESCO IN TABERNACLE ON STREET CORNER, Madonna and Saints, 1498.

Rome. S. MARIA SOPRA MINERVA, CARAFFA CHAPEL, Altar-piece, Annunciation. Frescoes: Triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas: Assumption, 1489.

Venice. SEMINARIO, 15. Christ and the Samaritan.

17. "Noli me Tangere."

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI.

1406–1463. Pupil of Lorenzo Monaco and follower of Masaccio; influenced by Fra Angelico.

Berlin. 58. Madonna.

Berlin (*Con.*). 69. Madonna adoring Child.
95. "Madonna della Misericordia."

Florence. ACADEMY, 55. Madonna and Saints. E.
62. Coronation, 1541.
79. Madonna adoring Child. E.
82. Nativity. E.
86. Predella.
263. Archangel Gabriel and the Baptist.
264. Madonna and St. Antony.
PITTI, 338. Madonna.
UFFIZI, 1307. Madonna.
PALAZZO ALESSANDRI, St. Laurence, Saints, and Donors.
S. LORENZO, MARTELLI CHAPEL. Annunciation and Predella.
St. Antony, Abbot and Bishop.

London. 248. Vision of St. Bernard, 1447.
666. Annunciation. E.
667. Seven Saints. E.

Munich. 1005. Annunciation. E.
1006. Madonna.

Oxford. TAYLORIAN, 12. Meeting of Joachim and Anna (predella).

Paris. 1344. Madonna and Angels, 1437.

Prato. DUOMO, CHOIR, Frescoes: Lives of Stephen and the Baptist, 1452–1464.

Richmond. SIR FRANCIS COOK, Adoration of Magi (tondo). E.
Archangel Michael and St. Antony.

Rome. LATERAN, Triptych: Coronation, Saints, and Donors. E.
PALAZZO DORIA, Annunciation.
MR. LUDWIG MOND, Annunciation and Donors.

Spoleto. DUOMO, CHOIR, Frescoes: Life of Virgin, left unfinished at death.

Turin. ACADEMY, 140, 141. The four Church Fathers.

LORENZO MONACO.

Worked about 1370–1425. Follower of Agnolo Gaddi and the Sienese.

Altenburg. Flight into Egypt. E.

Bergamo. Morelli, 10. Dead Christ.

Berlin. 119. Madonna with Baptist and St. Nicholas. E.

Raczynski Collection, Nazional Galerie, 42. Adoration of Magi.

Kaufmann Collection, St. Jerome.

Brunswick. 3, 4. Panels with two Saints in each (?).

Empoli. Opera del Duomo, 5. Madonna, 1404.

Florence. Academy, 143. Annunciation.

144. Life of St. Onofrio.

145. Nativity.

146. Life of St. Martin.

166. Three pinnacles above Fra Angelico's Deposition.

Uffizi, 39. Adoration of Magi (Annunciation and Prophets in frame by Cosimo Rosselli).

40. Pietà, 1404.

41. Triptych, 1410.

1309. Coronation, 1413.

Magazine, Three panels: Crucifixion, Mary, and John.

Biblioteca Laurenziana, Miniatures.

S. Trinità, Bartolini Chapel, Altar-piece: Annunciation and Predella. Frescoes: Life of Virgin.

Frankfort. 5A. Salvator Mundi.

Munich. Lotzbeck Collection, 96. St. Peter Enthroned.

Paris. Cluny, 1667. Agony in Garden, Mary at Tomb, 1408.

Prato. 3. Triptych: Madonna and Saints. E.

BASTIANO MAINARDI.

?–1513. Pupil and imitator of his brother-in-law, Domenico Ghirlandaio.

Altenburg. Bust of Woman.

Berlin. 21. Judith, 1489.
68. Altar-piece. E.
77. Madonna.
83. Portrait of Young Woman.
85. Portrait of Cardinal.
86. Portrait of Young Man.
HAINAUER COLLECTION, Portrait of Young Man.

Boston, U. S. A. MR. J. QUINCY SHAW, Madonna adoring Child.

Florence. UFFIZI, 1315. St. Peter Martyr between SS. James and Peter.
BARGELLO CHAPEL, Madonna and Angels (fresco), 1490.
PALAZZO TORRIGIANI, Madonna and two Angels (tondo).
S. CROCE, BARONCELLI CHAPEL, Virgin giving Girdle to St. Thomas.

San Gemigniano. MUNICIPIO, 8, 9. Madonnas (tondi).
S. AGOSTINO, R. WALL, Nicholas of Bari, St. Lucy, St. Augustin.
CEILING, Frescoes, the four Church Fathers.
L. WALL, Tomb of Fra Domenico Strambi (frescoes), 1487.
DUOMO, CHOIR, Madonna in Glory and Saints.
CHAPEL OF S. FINA, Ceiling frescoes.
MONTE OLIVETO, CHAPEL R., Madonna with SS. Bernard and Jerome, 1502.
VIA S. GIOVANNI, Madonna and Cherubs (fresco).

Hamburg. CONSUL WEBER, 30. Madonna.

London. 1230. Bust of Young Woman.

Milan. SIGNOR CRESPI, Two panels with men and women worshippers.

Munich. 1014. Madonna and Donor.
1015. Two Saints.
Münster (in W.). KUNSTVEREIN, 32. Marriage of St. Catherine.
Oxford. TAYLORIAN, 21. SS. Bartholomew and Julian.
Paris. 1367. Madonna and Infant John.
M. G. DREYFUS, Profile of Young Woman.

MASACCIO.

1401–1428. Pupil of Masolino ; influenced by Donatello.

Berlin. 58A. Adoration of Magi.
58B. Martyrdom of St. Peter and the Baptist.
58C. A Birth Plate. E. (?)
Florence. ACADEMY, 73. Madonna, Child, and St. Anne. E.
CARMINE, BRANCACCI CHAPEL, Frescoes: Expulsion from Paradise ; Tribute Money ; SS. Peter and John healing the sick with their Shadows ; St. Peter Baptising ; SS. Peter and John distributing Alms ; in the Raising of the King's Son, Middle Group and part of St. Peter, and scene to R., St. Peter Enthroned.
S. MARIA NOVELLA, WALL R. OF ENTRANCE, Trinity, Madonna, and St. John, and two Donors (fresco).

MASOLINO.

1384–after 1435.

Bremen. KUNSTHALLE, 164. Madonna, 1423.
Castiglione D'Olona. CHURCH, Frescoes: Life of Virgin.
SACRISTY, Annunciation.
BAPTISTERY, Frescoes : Life of Baptist, 1428.

Florence. CARMINE, BRANCACCI CHAPEL, Frescoes: Preaching and St. Peter, Healing of Tabitha, Fall of Adam and Eve.

Munich. 1019. Madonna and Angels.

Naples. SCUOLA TOSCANA, 25. Madonna and Christ in Glory.

34. Founding of S. Maria Maggiore.

Rome. S. CLEMENTE, Frescoes, Episodes from Lives of SS. Clement and Catherine of Alexandria.

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI.

1474–1564. Pupil of Ghirlandaio; influenced by works of Jacopo della Quercia, Donatello, and Signorelli.

Florence. UFFIZI, 1139. Holy Family.

London. 790. Deposition (unfinished).

Rome. VATICAN, SIXTINE CHAPEL, Frescoes: Ceiling, 1508–1512; E. Wall, Last Judgment, 1534–1541.

CAPPELLA PAOLINA, Frescoes: Conversion of Paul, Martyrdom of Peter. L.

SCULPTURE.

Bologna. S. DOMENICO, S. Petronio; Angel (for Ark of St. Dominic), 1494.

Bruges. S. BAVON, Madonna, finished before August, 1506.

Florence. ACADEMY, David, 1504.

COURT, St. Matthew.

BARGELLO, Bacchus. E.

Brutus.

Madonna (relief).

Apollo.

BOBOLI GARDENS, GROTTO, Four unfinished figures.

Florence (*Con.*). Casa Buonarroti, Centaurs and Lapithæ (relief). E.
Duomo, Behind High Altar, Pietà. L.
S. Lorenzo, New Sacristy, Tombs of Lorenzo dei Medici, Duke of Urbino, and Giuliano, Duc de Nemours, left unfinished, 1534.

London. Burlington House, Diploma Gallery, Madonna (relief).
S. Kensington Museum, Cupid. E.

Paris. Room of Renaissance Sculpture, Two Slaves.

Rome. S. Maria sopra Minerva, Christ with Cross, finished, 1521.
St. Peter's, Pietà, 1499.
S. Pietro in Vincoli, Moses, Rachel, and Leah.

ANDREA ORCAGNA.

1308(?)–1368. Pupil of Andrea Pisano; follower of Giotto; influenced by Ambrogio Lorenzetti of Siena.

Florence. S. Maria Novella, L. Transept, Altar-piece, 1357; Frescoes: Paradise, Last Judgment.

SCULPTURE.

Florence. Or San Michele, Tabernacle, finished, 1359.

FRANCESCO PESELLINO.

1422–1457. Pupil possibly of his grandfather, Giuliano Pesello; follower of Fra Filippo Lippi and Masaccio.

Bergamo. Morelli, 9. Florentine arraigned before a Judge.
11. Story of Griselda.
36. SS. Jerome and Francis. E.

Florence. Academy, 72. Three predelle.
Casa Buonarroti, Life of St. Nicholas of Bari. E.
Palazzo Torrigiani, Life of David (two cassone pictures).
London. Captain Halford, Madonna and Saints.
Montpellier. 619. Nativity and Adoration. E.
Paris. 1414. Miracle of SS. Cosmas and Damian; St. Francis receiving Stigmata.
Rome. Palazzo Doria. Pope Sylvester before Constantine; Pope Sylvester subduing Dragon.

PIER DI COSIMO.

1462–1521. Pupil of Cosimo Rosselli; influenced by Signorelli, Filippino, and Leonardo.

Berlin. 107. Venus, Cupid, and Mars.
204. Adoration of Shepherds.
Chantilly. "La Bella Simonetta."
Dresden. 20. Holy Family and Angels.
Dulwich. Head of Youth.
Florence. Uffizi, 81. Immaculate Conception.
82, 83, 84. Story of Perseus and Andromeda.
1312. Rescue of Andromeda.
Spedale degli Innocenti, Holy Family and Saints.
Palazzo Pucci, Madonna and Angels.
Hague. 254, 255. Giuliano di Sangallo and his Father.
London. 698. Death of Procris.
895. Portrait of Man in Armour.
Mr. Robert Benson, Hylas and the Nymphs.
Mr. John Burke, Combat of Centaurs and Lapithæ.
Col. Cornwallis West, Visitation.
Marseilles. 335, 336. Story of Theseus and Ariadne.
Milan. Borommeo, Sala Centrale, 19. Madonna. L.

Paris. 1274. The Young Baptist.
1416. Coronation. L.
1528. Madonna.

Rome. Borghese, 329. Judgment of Solomon.
343. Madonna and Angels adoring Child.
Sen. Giovanni Baracco, Magdalen.

Vienna. Harrach Collection, Holy Family and Angels. L.
Lichtenstein Gallery, Madonna. L.

THE POLLAIUOLI.

ANTONIO: 1429–1498. Pupil of Donatello and Paolo Uccello, Sculptor.

PIERO: 1443–1496. Pupil of Baldovinetti; worked mainly on his brother's designs.

(Where the execution can be clearly distinguished as of either of the brothers separately, the fact is indicated.)

Berlin. 73. Annunciation (Piero).
73A. David (Antonio).
Hainauer Collection, Portrait of Lady (Antonio).

Florence. Uffizi, 30. Galeazzo Sforza.
73. Cartoon for "Charity," on back of picture.
1153. Hercules and the Hydra; Hercules and Antæus (Antonio).
1301. SS. Eustace, James, and Vincent (Piero).
1306. Prudence.
3358. Miniature Profile of Lady (Piero).

San Gemigniano. Duomo, Choir, Coronation, 1483 (Piero).

London. 292. St. Sebastian, 1472 (Antonio).
928. Apollo and Daphne (Antonio).

New York. Metropolitan Museum, 85. St. Christopher (fresco) (Piero).

Turin. 97. Tobias and the Angel.

SCULPTURE, ETC.

Boston, U. S. A. Mr. J. Quincy Shaw, Warrior in Breastplate (?) (terra-cotta).

Florence. Bargello, Bust of Young Warrior (terra-cotta).
Hercules and Antæus (bronze).
Opera del Duomo, Birth of Baptist (relief in silver).
Twenty-seven scenes from Life of Baptist (embroideries after Antonio's designs), 1470.

Forlì. Bust of Pino Ordelaffi (?).

Rome. St. Peter's, Chapel of Sacrament, Tomb of Sixtus IV, 1483 (bronze).
L. Aisle, Tomb of Innocent VIII (bronze). L.

PONTORMO (Jacopo Carrucci).

1494–1556. Pupil of Andrea del Sarto ; influenced by Michelangelo.

Bergamo. Morelli, 59. Portrait of Baccio Bandinelli.

Berlin. 239. Portrait of Andrea del Sarto.

Borgo San Sepolcro. Municipio, St. Quintin in the Pillory (in part).

Florence. Academy, 183. Pietà. L.
190. Supper at Emmaus, 1528.
Pitti, 149. Portrait of Man with Dog.
182. Martyrdom of forty Saints.
233. St. Antony. L.
249. Portrait of Man.
379. Adoration of Magi.
Uffizi, 1177. Madonna and Saints.
1187. Martyrdom of S. Maurizio.
1198. Birth of St. John (plate).
1220. Portrait of Man.
1267. Cosimo dei Medici.
1270. Cosimo I, Duke of Florence.

Florence (*Con.*). 1284. Venus and Cupid (?).
CORSINI, 141. Madonna and Infant John.
185. Madonna and Infant John.
SS. ANNUNZIATA, CLOISTER R., Visitation (fresco), 1516.
CAPPELLA DI S. LUCA, Madonna and Saints (fresco).
S. FELICITÀ, Altar-piece : Deposition ; three medallions of Prophets ; Annunciation (fresco).
COLLEGIO MILITARE, Frescoes in Pope's Chapel, 1513.
CERTOSA (near Florence), CLOISTER, Christ before Pilate (frescoes), 1523.

Frankfort. 14A. Portrait of Lady with Dog.

Genoa. BRIGNOLE-SALE, Portrait of Youth.

London. 1131. Joseph and his Kindred in Egypt. E.

Lucca. SALA I, 5. Portrait of Youth.

Oldenburg. 19. Portrait of Lady.

Panshanger. Two panels with story of Joseph. E.
Portrait of Young Man.

Paris. 1240. Holy Family and Saints, 1543.
1241. Portrait of Sculptor.

Poggio a Caiano. Decorative fresco around window : Vertumnus, Pomona, Diana, and other figures, 1521.

Pontormo (near Empoli). CHURCH, St. John the Evangelist and St. Michæl.

Rome. BARBERINI, Pygmalion and Galatea.
BORGHESE, 408. Portrait of a Cardinal.

COSIMO ROSSELLI.

1439–1507. Pupil of Neri di Bicci ; influenced by Benozzo and Baldovinetti.

Berlin. 59. Madonna, Saints, and Angels.
59A. Glory of St. Anne, 1471.
71. Entombment.

Cologne. 730C. Madonna, Saints, and the Innocents. E.
Düsseldorf. Academy, 110. Madonna adoring Child (?).
Florence. Academy, 52, SS. Barbara, John, and Matthew. E.
Uffizi, 63. Coronation.
65. Adoration of Magi.
1280 bis. Madonna, Saints, and Angels.
Corsini, 339. Madonna and Angels adoring Child.
Gallery of S. Maria Nuova, 65. Madonna.
S. Ambrogio, 3d Altar, L. Assumption and predella.
Chapel of Sacrament, Miraculous Chalice, and other frescoes, 1486.
SS. Annunziata, L. Cloister, S. Filippo Benizzi taking Servite habit (fresco).
S. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi, Altar-piece: Coronation. L.
London. Mr. Charles Butler, Madonna, Saints, and Nuns.
Lucca. Duomo, Wall L. of Entrance, Story of the Cross (fresco).
Münster (in W.). Kunstverein, 33. Madonna with Gabriel and Infant John.
Oxford. Taylorian, 19. SS. Dominic and Nicholas.
Rome. Vatican, Sixtine Chapel, Frescoes: Destruction of Pharaoh, Christ preaching from the Lake, Last Supper, 1482.
Mr. Ludwig Mond, Madonna and Angel adoring Child.

ROSSO.

1494–1541. Pupil of Andrea del Sarto; influenced by Pontormo and Michelangelo.

Borgo San Sepolcro. Orfanelle, Deposition.

Città di Castello. 22. Madonna and Saints.
Duomo, Transfiguration, finished 1530.
Florence. Pitti, 113. Three Fates.
237. Madonna and Saints.
Uffizi, 1241. Angel playing Guitar.
Bargello, Della Robbia Room, Justice (fresco).
Gallery of S. Maria Nuova, Madonna and four Saints.
SS. Annunziata, R. Cloister, Assumption (fresco).
S. Lorenzo, Altar-piece. Sposalizio.
Frankfort. 14. Madonna.
Paris. 1485. Pietà.
1486. Defiance of the Pierides.
Siena. Sala XI, 19. Portrait of Young Man.
Venice. Profile bust of Man in red cloak and hat.
Volterra. Duomo, Cappella di S. Carlo, Deposition.

PAOLO UCCELLO.

1397–1475. Influenced by Domenico Veneziano and Donatello.

Florence. Uffizi, 52. Battle.
Duomo, Wall above Entrance, Four Heads of Prophets (fresco).
Wall L. of Entrance, Equestrian Portrait of Sir John Hawkwood, 1437.
S. Maria Novella, Cloister, Frescoes: The Flood, Sacrifice of Noah.
London. 583. Battle of S. Egidio.
585. Portrait of Lady.
New York. Metropolitan Museum, Marquand Collection, Portrait of Lady (?).
Oxford. Taylorian, 28. Midnight Hunt.

Paris. 1272. Portraits of Giotto, Uccello, Donatello, Brunelleschi, and Giovanni Manetti.
1273. Battle.
Urbino. 23. Story of the Jew and the Host, 1468.

DOMENICO VENEZIANO.

About 1400–1461. Probably acquired his rudiments at Venice; formed under the influence of Donatello and Masaccio.

Berlin. 64. Martyrdom of St. Lucy.
Florence. PITTI, 370. Head of a Saint. L.
375. Portrait of Man. L.
UFFIZI, 1305. Madonna and four Saints.
S. CROCE, R. WALL, Baptist and St. Francis (fresco). L.
London. 766, 767. Heads of Monks (frescoes).
1215. Madonna Enthroned (fresco transferred to canvas).
Munich. 997. Bust of Young Man.

ANDREA VERROCCHIO.

1435–1488. Pupil of Donatello and Alessio Baldovinetti.

Berlin. 104A. Madonna and Angel. E.
Profile of Young Woman on blue ground. (?) E.
Florence. Academy, Baptism (in part).
UFFIZI, 1204. Profile of Lady. (?)
1288. Annunciation.
London. 276. Madonna and two Angels (?). E.
Milan. POLDI-PEZZOLI, 21. Profile of Young Woman (?). E.
Vienna. LICHTENSTEIN GALLERY, Portrait of Lady.

SCULPTURE.

Berlin. 93. Sleeping Youth.
97[A]. Entombment.
97[B]. Sleeping *Putto*.
} All terra-cotta.

Boston, U.S.A. Mr. J. Quincy Shaw, Madonna and Angels (relief). (?).

Florence. Bargello, David, 1476 (bronze).
Bust of Woman.
Opera del Duomo, Salome with Head of Baptist (silver relief). 1480.
Gallery of S. Maria Nuova, Madonna and Child (terra-cotta).
S. Lorenzo, Sacristry, Tomb of Cosimo dei Medici, 1472 (bronze).
Or San Michele, Christ and St. Thomas, finished 1483 (bronze).

Paris. M. G. Dreyfus, Bust of a Lady.

Venice. Piazza di S. Giovenni e Paolo, Equestrian monument of Bartolommeo Colleoni, left unfinished at death (bronze).

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Orfanelle: Rosso.

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Mr. J. Quincy Shaw: Mainardi, Pollaiuolo (?), Verrocchio (?).

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Museo S. Marco : Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolommeo, Dom. Ghirlandaio, Pontormo.

Gallery of S. Maria Nuova : Albertinelli, Fra Bartolommeo, C. Rosselli, Rosso, Verrocchio.

Opera del Duomo : Pollaiuolo, Verrocchio.

Palazzo Riccardi : Benozzo.

Palazzo Vecchio : Bronzino, Dom. Ghirlandaio, Rid. Ghirlandaio.

S. Salvi : Andrea del Sarto.

Palazzo Alessandri : Benozzo, Filippo Lippi.

Bardini Collection : Bacchiacca, Bugiardini.

Palazzo Capponi : Botticelli.

Caserma di Rr. Carabinieri : Franciabigio.

Collegio Militare : Pontormo,

Palazzo Corsini : Albertinelli, Bacchiacca, Botticelli, Pontormo, C. Rosselli, Rid. Ghirlandaio, Pontormo.

Palazzo Pitti : Botticelli.

Palazzo Pucci : L. di Credi, Pier di Cosimo.

Palazzo Torrigiani : Castagno, Rid. Ghirlandaio, Filippino Lippi, Mainardi, Pesellino.

Florence. S. Ambrogio : C. Rosselli.
SS. Annunziata : Andrea del Sarto, Baldovinetti, Franciabigio, Pontormo, C. Rosselli, Rosso.
Badia : Filippino Lippi.
Calza : Franciabigio.
Carmine : Filippino Lippi, Masaccio, Masolino.
Certosa : Albertinelli, Pontormo.
S. Croce : Giotto, Mainardi, Dom. Veneziano.
S. Domenico : Fra Angelico, L. di Credi.
Duomo, Castagno, L. di Credi, Michelangelo, Uccello.
S. Felicita : Pontormo.
Innocenti : Dom. Ghirlandaio.
S. Lorenzo : Bronzino, Fra Filippo Lippi, Rosso, Verrocchio.
New Sacristy : Michelangelo.
S. Marco : Fra Bartolommeo.
S. Maria degli Angioli : Rid. Ghirlandaio.
S. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi : C. Rosselli.
S. Maria Novella : Bugiardini, Dom. Ghirlandaio, Filippino Lippi, Masaccio, Orcagna, Uccello.
S. Maria Nuova : Castagno.
S. Miniato : Baldovinetti.
S. Niccolò : Piero Pollaiuolo.
Ognissanti : Botticelli, Dom. Ghirlandaio.
Or San Michele : Orcagna, Verrocchio.
S. Pancrazio : Baldovinetti.
La Quiete : Rid. Ghirlandaio.
S. Spirito : Filippino Lippi.
S. Trinità : Baldovinetti, Dom. Ghirlandaio, Lorenzo Monaco.

Forlì. L. di Credi (?), Pollaiuolo (?).

Frankfort. Lorenzo Monaco, Pontormo, Rosso.

S. Gemigniano. S. Agostino : Benozzo, Mainardi.

S. Gemigniano. (*Con.*). S. Andrea : Benozzo.
Duomo : Benozzo, Ghirlandaio, Mainardi, Piero Pollaiuolo.
S. Lucia : Benozzo.
Monte Oliveto : Benozzo, Mainardi.
Via S.Giovanni : Mainardi.
Geneva. Albertinelli.
Genoa. Brignole-Sale : Pontormo.
S. Teodoro : Filippino Lippi.
Hague. Bronzino, Pier di Cosimo.
Hamburg. Consul Weber : Franciabigio, Mainardi.
Lille. Leonardo (?).
London. Andrea del Sarto, Fra Angelico, Bacchiacca, Benozzo, Botticelli, Bronzino, Bugiardini, L. di Credi, Franciabigio, Dom. Ghirlandaio, Rid. Ghirlandaio, Filippino Lippi, Fra Filippo Lippi, Mainardi, Michelangelo, Pier di Cosimo, Antonio Pollaiuolo, Pontormo, Uccello, Dom. Veneziano Verrocchio (?).
S. Kensington Museum : Michelangelo.
Burlington House Diploma Gallery : Leonardo, Michelangelo.
Lord Ashburnham : Granacci, Filippino Lippi.
Mr. Robert Benson : Franciabigio, R. del Garbo, Dom. Ghirlandaio, Pier di Cosimo.
Mr. John Burke : Pier di Cosimo.
Mr. Charles Butler : Bacchiacca, L. di Credi, C. Rosselli.
Mr. J. P. Heseltine : Botticelli.
Captain Holford : Pesellino.
Mr. Ludwig Mond : Fra Bartolommeo, Botticelli.
Lord Northbrook : Fra Bartolommeo.
Mr. George Salting : Dom. Ghirlandaio.
Col. Cornwallis West : Pier di Cosimo.

Lucca. Fra Bartolommeo, Bronzino, Pontormo.
DUOMO : Fra Bartolommeo, Dom. Ghirlandaio, C. Rosselli.
S. FREDIANO : Rid. Ghirlandaio.
S. MICHELE : Filippino.
Lyons. R. del Garbo (?).
Madrid. Andrea del Sarto, Fra Angelico.
Marseilles. Pier di Cosimo.
Mayence. L. di Credi.
Milan. AMBROSIANA : Botticelli.
BOROMMEO : Pier di Cosimo.
POLDI-PEZZOLI : Albertinelli, Botticelli, Verrocchio (?).
CASA CASATTI : L. di Credi.
SIGNOR CRESPI : Mainardi.
DR. FRIZZONI : Bacchiacca.
MARCHESE VISCONTI-VENOSTA : Fra Bartolommeo.
S. MARIA DELLE GRAZIE : Bugiardini, Leonardo.
Modena. Bugiardini.
Montefalco. S. FORTUNATO and S. FRANCESCO : Benozzo.
Montpellier. Pesellino.
Munich. Albertinelli, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Angelico, R. del Garbo, Giotto, Granacci, Fra Filippo Lippi, Mainardi, Masolino, Dom. Veneziano.
LOTZBECK COLLECTION : Lorenzo Monaco.
Münster (in W.). KUNSTVEREIN : Mainardi, C. Rosselli.
Naples. Fra Bartolommeo, L. di Credi, Franciabigio (?), R. del Garbo, Masolino.
Narni. Dom. Ghirlandaio.
New York. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM : Piero Pollaiuolo.
MARQUAND COLLECTION : Uccello (?).
Nîmes. Franciabigio.
Oldenburg. Bugiardini, Pontormo.
Orvieto. DUOMO : Fra Angelico.

Oxford. CHRIST CHURCH : Bacchiacca, Granacci, Filippino Lippi.
TAYLORIAN : Fra Angelico, Bronsino, L. di Credi, Granacci, Filippo Lippi, Mainardi, C. Rosselli, Uccello.
Padua. ARENA CHAPEL : Giotto.
Palermo. MADONNA DELL' OLIVELLA : L. di Credi.
Panshanger. Fra Bartolommeo, Granacci, Pontormo.
Paris. Albertinelli, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolommeo, Benozzo, Botticelli, Bronzino, Bugiardini, L. di Credi, Dom. Ghirlandaio, Rid. Ghirlandaio, Giotto, Leonardo, Filippino Lippi, Filippo Lippi, Mainardi, Michelangelo, Pesellino, Pier di Cosimo, Pontormo, Rosso, Uccello.
CLUNY : Lorenzo Monaco.
MME. EDOUARD ANDRÉ : Baldovinetti.
M. G. DREYFUS : Mainardi, Verrocchio.
PRINCESSE SAGAN : Bronzino.
Parma. Fra Angelico, R. del Garbo.
Perugia. Fra Angelico, Benozzo.
Pian di Mugnone. Fra Bartolommeo.
Pisa. Fra Angelico, Benozzo, Dom. Ghirlandaio.
CAMPO SANTO : Benozzo.
S. ANNA : Dom. Ghirlandaio.
S. CATERINA : Albertinelli.
DUOMO : Andrea del Sarto.
S. STEFANO : Bronzino.
Pistoia. DUOMO : L. di Credi.
S. PIETRO MAGGIORE : Rid. Ghirlandaio.
Poggio a Caiano. Andrea del Sarto, Franciabigio, Pontormo.
Pontormo. CHURCH : Pontormo.
Prato. Filippino, Lorenzo Monaco.
DUOMO : Ridolfo Ghirlandaio, Fra Filippo Lippi.
TABERNACLE IN STREET : Filippino Lippi.

Reigate. The Priory: Rid. Ghirlandaio.
Richmond. Sir Francis Cook: Bacchiacca, Fra Bartolommeo, Fra Filippo Lippi.
Rimini. Dom. Ghirlandaio.
Rome. Barberini: Pontormo.
Borghese: Albertinelli, Bacchiacca, Bronzino, Bugiardini, L. di Credi, Franciabigio, Pier di Cosimo, Pontormo.
Colonna: Bronzino, Bugiardini.
Corsini: Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolommeo, Franciabigio.
Doria: Bronzino.
Lateran: Benozzo, Fra Filippo Lippi.
Quirinal: Fra Bartolommeo.
Vatican: Fra Angelico, Leonardo.
Chapel of Nicholas V.: Fra Angelico.
Sixtine Chapel: Botticelli, Dom. Ghirlandaio, Michelangelo, C. Rosselli.
Cappella Paolina: Michelangelo.
Sen. Giov. Baracco: Pier di Cosimo.
Palazzo Doria: Fra Filippo Lippi, Pesellino.
Donna Laura Minghetti: Leonardo.
Mr. Ludwig Mond: Fra Filippo Lippi, C. Rosselli.
S. Clemente: Masolino.
St. John Lateran: Giotto.
S. Maria sopra Minerva. Filippino Lippi, Michelangelo.
St. Peter's: Michelangelo, Pollaiuolo.
Sagrestia dei Canonici: Giotto.
S. Pietro in Vincoli: Michelangelo.
Siena. Albertinelli, Rosso.
Spoleto. Duomo: Fra Filippo Lippi.
St. Petersburg. Botticelli, Rid. Ghirlandaio.
Strasburg. L. di Credi.
Stuttgart. Albertinelli.

Turin. Fra Angelico, Bronzino, Bugiardini, Franciabigio, L. di Credi, the Pollaiuoli.
ACADEMY: Fra Filippo Lippi.
MUSEO MUNICIPALE: Bugiardini.
Urbino. Uccello.
Venice. ACADEMY: Rosso.
SEMINARIO: Albertinelli, Bacchiacca, Filippino Lippi.
QUERINI-STAMPALIA: L. di Credi.
PRINCE GIOVANELLI: Bacchiacca.
LADY LAYARD: R. del Garbo.
PIAZZA S. GIOVANNI E PAOLO: Verrocchio.
Vienna. Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolommeo, Benozzo, Bronzino, Bugiardini, Franciabigio.
HARRACH COLLECTION: Pier di Cosimo.
LICHTENSTEIN GALLERY: Pier di Cosimo, Verrocchio.
Volterra. MUNICIPIO: Dom. Ghirlandaio.
DUOMO: Albertinelli, Rosso.
Wiesbaden. Bacchiacca, Franciabigio.
Windsor. Franciabigio.

ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE, WITH INDICES TO THEIR WORKS.

By Bernhard Berenson.

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